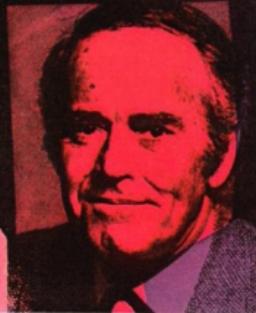


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TIME

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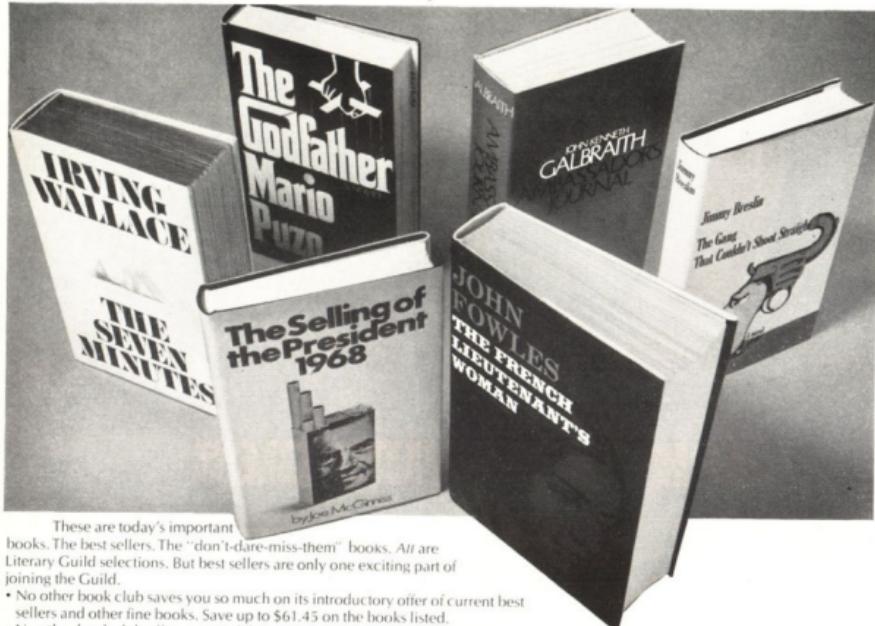
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LETTERS

Everyman's Issue

Sir: The environment is not just "Nixon's New Issue" [Feb. 2]; surely it is the issue for us all.

WILLIAM J. PARR
Columbus

Sir: As a member of an age group that can reasonably expect to be alive in the year 2000 (if anyone is still around), I was excited by the President's emphasis on cleaning up the environment in the State of the Union address. It contains, however, one glaring flaw; his acceptance as inevitable of a growth in the U.S. population of more than 100 million people in the next 30 years.

To quote Population Biologist Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich: "Too many cars, too many factories, too much detergent, too much pesticide, multiplying contrails, inadequate sewage-treatment plants, too little water, too much carbon dioxide—all can be traced easily to *too many people*." The Government must initiate stringent birth control measures through education about contraception methods, through liberal abortion laws and through high luxury taxes on any more than two children.

JOHN C. HOOPER
Lieutenant, U.S.A.
A.P.O. N.Y.

Sir: Projecting your world-population curve to the year 2600 gives a density of one person for every 2 sq. ft. of usable land. The insatiable result for mankind will be standing room only. Well, if all else fails, this should solve the problem.

EDWARD C. LOWELL
Tarzana, Calif.

Sir: If the goal of the '60s was to put man on the moon, then the goal of the '70s must be to keep man on the earth.

DAVID McCUALEY
College Park, Md.

Sir: You suggest that the 150 whales that nosed onto the beach at Fort Pierce, Fla., seemed to be trying to tell us something [Jan. 26]. Of course, our environment has run so amuck that it is at least possible that the crazed herds of whales might have found the seas too foul to endure any longer and beached themselves as a dramatic way of showing mankind what the ocean's creatures think of his detergent and pesticide-filled rivers, his raw or half-processed sewage, and his oil slicks.

BOB WOODSIDE
Assistant Professor

Department of Mathematics
East Carolina University
Greenville, N.C.

Sir: The German chemical plant may be a cause for concern to Hilton Head Island [Jan. 26], but it's a nightmare to Bluffton, only two miles from the plant site. As I see this village about to be engulfed by a huge industrial complex, I must register my protest against this giant leap backward.

(MRS.) FLORENCE HARRY
Bluffton, S.C.

Sir: How the naïveté—both real and pretended—of our public officials must make the Germans laugh! Has there ever been a petrochemical plant anywhere that didn't introduce pollution to the air and water? However, the incredible part is not that

we are going to get the same pollution that every petrochemical complex generates, but that we are spending so many tax dollars to bring it here.

But we cannot blame B.A.S.F. for this entirely. They have the blessings of our state's leaders, and the pollution they create will be within the limits permissible under our archaic and inadequate laws dealing with the subject. No, the onus belongs chiefly to the local politicians—in this case, Democrats all—who are so anxious to jump in bed with the Germans.

JON L. MALLARD
Hilton Head Island, S.C.

Such Short Memories

Sir: Once again the world has failed. More genocide has been committed. Only this time it wasn't in the death camps of Hitler, it was in Biafra [Jan. 26]. Again we have forgotten everything, our morals, promises and the holocaust. I wonder how many more millions must perish unnecessarily because of our fallibility. It seems we have short memories.

MATTHEW PAUL SOLOW
Great Neck, N.Y.

Sir: I worked in Eastern Nigeria and Biafra for nine years, and I was struck by your quote from a diplomat in Lagos: "An Ibo would be out of his mind to show up in Hausa towns like Kano, Kaduna or Sokoto. They don't want him there." In this statement the real reason for the secession in 1967 is touched: the fact that the Easterners were not wanted and not safe in their own country.

If Nigeria wants unity, for which she claims to have fought this war, she must make every one of her citizens, including the former Easterners, welcome in the whole of the country. If the quotation is a true description of the situation in January 1970, the Nigerian tragedy has not yet finished.

K. REIJNIESE
Oegstgeest, The Netherlands

Leonard & the Panthers

Sir: That such a respected person as Leonard Bernstein would donate to the Black Panthers [Jan. 26] is unbelievable. He and other such people should be ashamed to give money to a group that is intent on destroying our Government. I don't believe the Black Panthers' civil liberties were violated. Since they are against our President and everything he stands for, why should they be protected by our Constitution?

DEBORAH NOLIN
Old Lyme, Conn.

Sir: These people listened to an appeal from one who openly admits to furthering their demise, and then they turned around and gave him money with which to carry on. TIME should start a "Ridiculous Remark of the Year" file with Mr. Bernstein's quote: "I believe in this country, and I would fight if the Panthers tried to destroy it." I think he ought to take the buttons out of his ears and listen carefully to the tune.

J. C. SAVAN

Sir: If Mr. Bernstein and his cronies are sincere in their quixotic defense of civil liberties, I suggest they research the Panthers' credo and re-evaluate their inane

justifications. The translation of "civil" liberties by the Black Panthers comes out "kill the pigs"—pure and simple.

ROY LEE WARD
Imperial Beach, Calif.

Sir: Are Leonard Bernstein *et al.* going to deduct their contributions to Panther 21 on their tax returns? If so, that means all of us taxpayers are supporting "a new myth that Black Panther is beautiful." Just think what \$3,000 would mean to a struggling Negro college student.

JEANNETTE K. KAUFMAN
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

Sir: After swallowing and, at times, choking on an unending diet of the Pepsi Generation, the Now Generation, the gappy generation, with-it, hung-up, love-in, way-out, freak-out, out of sight, uptight, trips, gigs, yips, drugs, thugs, dig, groove, swing and all the power that LOVE can bring, I wish to protest your article on Rudi Gernreich [Jan. 26]. Where's the fun gone? The mystery? The wondering and then the knowing? What satisfaction can one get out of the "advancing years" when one has shaved, plucked, lacquered, sprayed and, in general, erased the things that make people young? Mr. Gernreich has hit upon something better than the Pill. Who's going to want to make love to one's own reflection?

MRS. ANTHONY J. KEELEY JR.
Red Bank, N.J.

Sir: It was awful enough to hear that California's "culture" was predicted as the wave of the future—but Rudi Gernreich's unisex (more properly, non-sex) predictions really tear it! I'm a mere tad of 48 who

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SAUNA BELT—the first really new idea in slenderizing in years produces sensational results in reducing the waistline—for men or women—and without the need for dieting. Unbelievable results like these—results which speak for themselves:

Mr. Dick Becker, Clarkston, Wash.: "I lost 1½ inches from my waistline the first time I used the Sauna Belt—and 4 inches after only 10 days. I feel great and my clothes fit so much better."

Margaret Page, Madison, Fla.: "The very first time I used the Sauna Belt it took 2 inches off my waistline. It also took 2 inches off my tummy. I was thrilled and amazed."

Mr. Kari Hoagland, Deer Park, N.Y.: "Always a great skeptic—for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week, I lost 2½ inches from my waistline. A 'Blue Ribbon' for Sauna Belt!"

Susan Hobgood, Washington, D.C.: "Using the Sauna Belt as directed, 3 days in a row (about 30 minutes each day), I lost a total of 3 inches on my waistline—1½ inches in the very first day. My friends have certainly noticed the improvement in my appearance."

WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEW "SAUNA BELT"? The Sauna Belt is made from a special non-porous plastic material. It is completely different from any other belt on the market that makes waist reducing claims. The Sauna Belt is placed around your waist, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, the belt is inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the belt is inflated it will tighten itself around your waist and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warming and support throughout your waistline and lower back. After the belt is inflated, you will then proceed to do two "magic" waistline reducing exercises specially adapted for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specially designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and supporting pressure to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—and when you remove the belt—voilà—a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.

HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row. You will first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved the maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for waistline maintenance, you can use the belt about a month, or as often as you feel the need. Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this "magic" belt. The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt remember this: You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT...AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95. Nothing else that we have tested anywhere else that we have seen, nothing else that we know of, can give the sensationaly rapid results in reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt.

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Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



People love labels: they're such a convenient conversational shorthand to close the gap between thinking speed and speaking rate. Companies get labeled, too—and we carry quite a few. To some Rockwell customers, for example, we are still "a valve company"; others know us as "a meter company"; or, in recent years, as "a power tool company"; and so on for many of our 28 product lines. Still to others, we are a company serving the building and construction market (where 40% of our sales are directed), or the energy market (25% of our sales).

We're proud of these strong, different identities, for they're tangible evidence of our growth and diversification. Not too many years ago, we had only one logical label: we were predominantly a valve company.

While our valve business has grown steadily, our other businesses have been built to the point where Rockwell is a prime factor in most of the markets we serve. This has come about by the entrepreneurial attitude of our managers, who are in healthy competition for corporate resources.

We don't know which of the labels our publics will apply to Rockwell this year—or next, but in the competition, there's sure to be growth for all of them.

Campus park-ins. At some colleges, passing Psych. 31 seems to be easier than finding a place to park. But from our experience of 50 or so campus installations, we've seen what Rockwell parking meters can do to clear up park-ins, relieve traffic congestion, and provide additional revenue to the school. We think we have the most versatile meters on the market: they come in both automatic and manual models with time settings from six minutes to two days; they accept either coins or tokens; they'll reject slugs; and they've even been known to bring on a student cheer for the establishment.

Blowing out the candles. Rockwell celebrates a century of manufacturing water meters this year. Considering that Washington, D. C. had only four meters for a population of 147,000 in the 1880's and that we alone have produced over 20,000,000 meters since then, it's not too hard to appreciate just how far the water industry and the concepts of metering have come.

Today, innovations like telemetering (for which we've already developed the remote reading devices) indicate that a new generation of metering concepts and equipment is before us for both challenge and growth. And when you're only 100 years old, that's the kind of future you like to think about.



Sure shot. When a cartridge case is a hair too long or short, it's likely to cause misfiring or jamming. This is the kind of jam a man carrying the Army's M-14 and M-16 rifles can't afford. And that's why our Precise power quills, mounted on 16-station taper and plug machines, must make the final trim on the cartridge cases to a highly critical tolerance. What's more, the quills are used on a one machine set-up that replaces two and dramatically reduces manufacturing and material costs.

If you'd like to know more about Rockwell, our products and the 32 markets they serve, write Rockwell Manufacturing Company, 403B North Lexington Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208.

had planned on living another 100 years—but if that's what I'll have to look forward to, swing now, sweet chariot.

ALLEN FOBES

St. Paul

Hole in the Fabric

Sir: The reaction against a ten-(dead)-tiger coat [Jan. 19] may not be just from conservationists but from much of the general public as well. However, no amount of laws or game preserves are going to save wild creatures as long as there is the combination of greed (the hunter) and vanity (the purchaser). Only when public attitudes remove the desirability of owning a fur will the killing become unrewarding.

Maybe I'll never have personal knowledge of whether that wild tiger continues to live or not. Yet when anything becomes extinct, there is an uncanny feeling that somewhere a hole has been made in the fabric of creation.

MRS. A. D'AMATO

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir: The conservationists' furor over fur coats call to mind Vernon Bartlett's poem that appeared some time back in the *New Statesman*, "The Leopard Coats":

*Once in a moment of great generosity
God has shown to me
A leopard running free.
How, from that moment, could he
expect of me,
Born without his tolerance, calmly to
see
All those women, those bloody awful
women,
Dressed up in leopard skins and sitting
down to tea?*

DIANE AHRENS

New Orleans

Victorian Ways

Sir: The two-seater bath [Jan. 19] is not new. It is said to have been used by the gilded youth of the *ancien régime*. The man faced the girl and between them was an allegedly well-secured wire-mesh screen surmounted by a tabletop for playing cards, snacks, and perhaps a carafe of wine.

More surprisingly, at a Scottish hydro a few years ago, I found myself occupying one of two double rooms that shared a huge bathroom in which stood a fine 19th century two-seater bath (a face-to-face again). Just the place for Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice. We underestimate the Victorians in so many ways.

N. T. GRIDGEMAN

Ottawa

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Bethlehem Steel owns about 100,000 acres of forest land, most of it over or adjacent to our iron ore and coal mines. And because of mining methods used many years ago, some of these properties had gradually become eyesores. That is why we took our first step toward scientific control and restoration of woodlands more than 40 years ago.



Planting seedling trees mechanically. The trees will combat erosion and provide yearly yields of timber.

Our program was formalized in 1958, when a registered consulting forester was appointed chief of our Forestry Division. Today, Bethlehem foresters perform reclamation planting, and cruise our timberlands, planning improvements and directing the workers who do the cutting and planting.

Some highlights of their work:

- In the past ten years they have planted over two million seedling trees at our properties in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky.
- At Mine No. 44, near Idamay, West Virginia, our foresters converted a barren coal tailings basin and harsh culm banks into lush acres ankle-high in bluegrass, fescue, lespedeza, and rye grass.
- In open fields surrounding our mines near Ebensburg, Pa., some 60,000 pine seedlings have been planted.
- Every fall and winter our foresters travel through 40,000 acres of timberland in Kentucky and about 35,000 acres in West Vir-



ginia, marking trees ready for cutting. Thinning the timber improves the quality of the remaining trees and accelerates their growth.

- Our foresters regularly provide guidance to conservation groups in our plant and mining communities. For example, several years ago a fire destroyed 3,000 acres of timber in the City of Bethlehem's watershed. Bethlehem Steel foresters directed a restoration program that included hydroseeding with grass, planting 600,000 coniferous seedlings, salvaging salable timber, and initiating a scientific timber-management program.

- Hundreds of acres of previously ugly terrain in various locations have been transformed into flowering fields and verdant slopes, pulsing with game and other wildlife. Battalions of evergreens march up hillsides, ending erosion forever. Hedgerows of trees and shrubs screen industrial installations from the passing eye.



Hydroseeding with a moist, fertilized mulch has been a successful technique in our land conservation program.

At Bethlehem we are engaged in many things besides the manufacture of steel—thoughtful land management is just one of them.

BETHLEHEM STEEL





She has a baby 1 year old.
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And a husband with
a career 4 years old.
No one else has her family.
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We grew as large as we are
by recognizing that fact.



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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Uses of Adversity

"We have always experienced times," said Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, "when we have been dissatisfied, unhappy with ourselves and our conditions, and lamented them profoundly before we took new steps to change them." Seaborg, testifying before a House subcommittee on a bill for the arts and humanities, argued that triumphant technology is now prompting man to question what is being done with his discoveries.

Perhaps, suggested Seaborg, "the despair and negativity of the time" will be succeeded by a new examination of values and purposes. "I believe," he said, "that one of the characteristics of the human race—possibly the one primarily responsible for its course of evolution—is that it has grown by creatively responding to failure." With all the failure now available, mankind must be gathering for a great leap forward.

Words for the Poor

Every Administration speaks its own language, and coins its distinctive euphemisms, dysphemisms—what can be generically called its literary style.

"The poor" seems such a poignantly simple Anglo-Saxon expression. Yet previous Democratic Administrations, abetted by sociologists, made them "the disadvantaged" or "the culturally deprived." Now a memorandum in the Office of Economic Opportunity (a title that is another Thalidomide child of the language) has dictated that "the poor" shall be referred to, for precision's sake, as "low-income individuals." As in "For ye have the low-income individuals always with you."

Smokey the Capitalist

In the appendix to the President's budget is the information that Smokey Bear hauled in \$81,000 last year, will make about \$92,000 this year, and as much as \$127,000 next year. The cash comes from the royalties charged commercial companies to use Smokey's name on such things as sweatshirts, wristwatches, games, books, litter bags and sheet music ("Smokey the Bear,/ prowlin' and a-growlin'/ and a-sniffin' the air"). It would be heartening if some cartoon mythologist could invent other crusaders against the ills of America. To deal with the environment, perhaps there could be Murky Moose to campaign against industrial polluters, or Peter Paramecium, who scours the countryside inhaling phosphates, tin cans and smutty air.



Government in the Heartland

WASHINGTON, D.C., is in some ways the most untypical of American cities: a federal enclave with the psychology of a company town. For some time, Richard Nixon has argued that the capital must be more in touch with the "heartland of America"—that geographical and psychological region which also happens to be the home of his constituency. Under his New Federalism, the President wants to diffuse not only the nation's decision-making powers but also the very location of power. Thus last summer he moved the White House for four weeks to San Clemente, holding presidential dinners in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Last week, Nixon packed Cabinet members and White House aides into Air Force One and took the Government to Middle America.

"I want Washington to know the nation better than it does," Nixon told welcoming crowds in Indianapolis. "I firmly believe that the people know best." The presidential party met for more than two and a half hours with ten mayors of medium-sized cities, exchanging notes and briefings on urban policies. Then Nixon flew to Chicago to talk with four Midwestern Republican Governors about the pollution of the Great Lakes. In terms of immediate action,

the trip probably had limited value, but that was not entirely the point. The larger motives were psychological and—inevitably in a campaign year—political.

With his trip, Nixon meant to suggest a different style of presidency. "When they come to Washington," he explained, "people are kind of overawed, and we tend to talk too much. When we go out here, this is their country, and they do more of the talking." Most of the mayors in Indianapolis were impressed by the gesture of accessibility. Said San Diego's Frank Curran, a Democrat: "It was brand new, having the President and his men come down off their pedestal to talk. We weren't talking up to the judge on the bench."

Moveable Feast. Even with such a small group, the new rapport was important, for many of the nation's mayors have complained that the Administration has favored state governments over municipalities. Presidential Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan gave the ten mayors the Administration's first cohesive statement of urban policies. The outline emphasized the need to adjust federal programs so that highway projects, for example, do not merely aggravate urban problems. City governments should be strengthened through consolidation with surrounding communities. Metropolitan



President Nixon chats with children at Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, climbs atop a car to be seen better by a crowd at Chicago's Meigs Field. Meanwhile, Mrs. Nixon meets two young boxers at a racially mixed community center in Indianapolis.



ness in their cities. Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley sponsored an extravagant welcome, with posters of greeting on every lamppost along the lakefront and fireboats plying the shores of Lake Michigan, spuming red, white and blue colored water. One minor flaw: none of the signs mentioned Nixon's name, and one group turned up with atavistic placards that said: ALL THE WAY WITH L.B.J.

On a side trip to Hanover Park outside Chicago to visit a sewage-treatment plant, the President issued his formulation of the "new three Rs"—Reform of governmental institutions. Restoration of the nation's natural resources and Renewal of the spirit of the American people. Along the way, the President countered Democratic criticism that his program to spend \$10 billion on water pollution over the next five years is not nearly adequate. His advisers thought the money sufficient, Nixon insisted, but "whatever it costs, we are going to do the job."

The excursion also presented Pat Nix-

areas, said the Administration, should equalize their services, so that, for example, inner-city schools will have the same quality as those in suburbs. Omitting the previous emphasis on law and order, the program concluded: "The poverty and social isolation of minority groups in central cities is the single most serious problem of the American city today, and we must attack the urgent problem with a greater commitment of resources."

Nixon's moveable feast brought political dividends from the electorate as well—which may prompt a series of repeat performances. If the President had invited the mayors and Governors to Washington, few in the heartland would have noticed. As it was, regional newspapers in Indiana and Illinois bannered news of the visit, and many people felt a glow from the knowledge that the President would conduct the nation's busi-

on in a new role, branching off from the presidential party to visit a retarded-children's school, a nuclear generating station and the Goose Lake Prairie region in Illinois. It was the first time that she had traveled as an auxiliary to the President, to underscore the issues with which he was dealing.

News Digest. In a sense, Nixon's trip was a sort of spiritual homecoming and a chance to take a fresh reading on the sentiments of the Midwest. But in the months of his presidency, Nixon has never really been away. Some political analysts have pondered his sensitive feeling for the mood of the majority. He has gauged the popular feeling on inflation, the war and other issues with a sure instinct that has led some to wonder where he gets his information on the country's moods.

At the moment, Nixon probably needs to worry less than most Presidents about isolation from the majority of voters—but perhaps more than most about isolation from the minorities. Nixon reads the sports pages, goes to ball games, watches television, bowls, plays golf. At the White House, he is surrounded by such aides as H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, who share his tastes and particular style.

Nixon reads the polls. Every day, White House Staff Assistant Patrick Buchanan and his aides prepare for the President a news digest culled from 54 newspapers, the television networks, 20 magazines and three newsletters. Buchanan himself adds a 500-word wrap-up. "We spot trends early," says Buchanan. "For example, we might see the same theme popping up in *The Nation* and *Ramparts*—we would see that as a trend in the liberal community."

Rubber Chicken. White House callers are a rich source. Says an aide: "Every visitor to his office, every guest at his table is bringing in information on what the country is concerned about. When he talks to a business friend on the phone or plays golf with Billy Graham, he's finding out what people are thinking." Some of Nixon's non-Washington friends—such as Richard Moore, a Western broadcasting executive, or Don Kendall of PepsiCo, Inc.—say that when they are with the President, he probes constantly for their views. Says Kendall: "He picks your brains without your realizing it's ever happening to you."

Nixon scarcely needs to learn from visiting businessmen. In his eight years of political exile, he often roamed the nation as a plain, harried citizen, carrying his bag and fighting airline schedules, eating hamburgers and rubber chicken. The experience taught him a lot about what pleases Americans and what makes them mad. Nixon listens to his advisers; but when he wants to know what his constituency is thinking in Indianapolis, he does not really have to fly there. Often enough, he can simply listen to himself.

Democrats: Divided and Dispirited

EADERLESS, divided and deeply in debt, the Democratic Party last week lost one of its last links to any semblance of organization. Its national chairman, Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, announced that he was resigning effective March 5 and the party is now seeking a successor. Although many Democrats insisted that Harris accept some of the blame for his party's doldrums, a Washington headquarters official put the resignation in what seemed to be the right perspective. "Fred was not forced out," he said. "He was fed up."

Harris was largely a victim of circumstances. His selection as co-chairman of Citizens for Humphrey-Muskie indicated how fast he had risen after just three years in the Senate. Harris, 39, is a bright (Phi Beta Kappa, University of Oklahoma), lively politician who manages to remain popular in a con-

cerning from the 1968 primary and presidential campaigns. But Harris had failed to consult city and state Democrats in advance. Many refused to cooperate, claiming that they did not want to siphon off money they needed for their elections next November. Why ask donors to contribute to a lost cause when tough new races loom ahead?

Baby Powder. In the event last week, the fund-raiser attracted about 1,500 Democratic donors, who paid from \$100 to \$5,000 each. But much of the money was retained by the Florida State Committee, and the National Committee picked up only about \$300,000—hardly enough to keep it operating for more than a few months. Worried about giving any single Democrat an advantage, Harris devised a dinner agenda without formal speeches. That also avoided dramatizing the fact that no one in the



HARRIS



THE HUMPHREYS, KENNEDY & MUSKIE

A preference for reverie over reality.

servative state despite his liberal views on social issues and his criticism of the Administration's Viet Nam War policy. But as party chairman, he carried two huge handicaps: 1) rebuilding a shattered party is a full-time job that stretches a hard-working Senator too far; and 2) since he has difficulty disguising his own ambitions, all his moves as party chairman have led rivals for the 1972 presidential nomination to eye his efforts as self-serving. Harris possesses no effective leverage to pull all of the factions together.

Nothing could have illustrated Harris' predicament better than the futile party fund-raising affair held last week in Miami Beach. He first announced that it would be a 16-city closed-circuit television spectacular that might net the party \$2,000,000 in its drive to overcome a deficit of more than \$8,000,000

party is the accepted leader or an effective drawing card. Nor was there anything encouraging for 1972 to be drawn from certain popularity indicators: as Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie and Edward Kennedy were introduced, it was Humphrey, the defeated candidate, who drew the warmest applause. Former President Lyndon Johnson was honorary chairman of the dinner but did not even attend, and his name was mentioned only once. That was when the put-down comic Don Rickles called Johnson "a great man—I've used his baby powder."

Democrats seem to be looking wistfully backward rather than hopefully forward. The Miami Beach dinner honored Former President Harry Truman. Another dinner was held in New York

continued on page 14

Lindsay: A Political Fantasy

"It was not an easy decision," John Lindsay told a press conference in the late summer of 1970. "Some of my best friends are Republicans. But the nation's cities have troubles to which the Republican Party has not been sufficiently responsive. I have therefore decided to join the Democratic Party in order to carry the message of the cities more effectively."

THE scene is not that difficult to imagine. For all of his political life, Lindsay has been afflicted by the delusion that he is a Republican. But the label grows more threadbare by the month. In fact, Lindsay has been a man without a party ever since last spring's New York mayoral primaries, when the Republicans denied him their nomination. Lindsay, the urbanist out of St. Paul's, Yale and Manhattan's silkstocking district, ran for re-election as an Independent and a Liberal Party candidate. Now he presides over a city hall awash with Democrats, Kennedyites and peaceniks.

In a time of notably unglamorous national politicians, Lindsay, a prime and ambitious 48, is, as one New Jersey Democrat called him, "a beautiful piece of political property." But whose property? Unless he wishes to end up in that political boneyard where former mayors of New York City traditionally molder, Lindsay must create an identity and plan that will liberate him from city hall and place him in the ranks of national leaders.

Lindsay could remain a Republican, although for the moment his future in the G.O.P. looks rather forlorn. He and Nelson Rockefeller coexist with all the benign symbiosis of mongoose and cobra. Since Lindsay's own city G.O.P. organization would not back him last fall, he could hardly fare better with the state Republicans controlled by Rockefeller. If Lindsay cannot win the governorship or a place in the Senate—both seats are occupied by liberal Republicans—he has little hope of winning a future place on the Republican national ticket. Still, if he waits until 1974 to run for Governor, he might broaden his Republican constituency and succeed Rockefeller in Albany, a powerful base from which to campaign for the presidential nomination in 1976.

Alternatively, Lindsay might remain an independent, accumulating a fusion following of the young, the blacks and the liberal suburbanites increasingly turned off by both major parties. In 1972, with Nixon, George Wallace and someone like Hubert Humphrey or Edmund Muskie in the race, Lindsay might gamble on a fourth-party movement to try for the White House or at least establish a base for future attempts.



"HURRY, JOHN, OR YOU'LL MISS THE CIDER AND PRETZELS."

In some ways, the third course is most beguiling. A scenario for an apostate Lindsay might go like this:

Late this year he becomes a Democrat. The reaction is somewhat schizophrenic. Ted Kennedy issues a half-hearted welcoming statement, intending to support Lindsay for President in 1972, watch him lose to Nixon and then step forward himself in 1976. The Democratic National Chairman is delighted to have such a lustrous fund raiser join the ranks. Others are less pleased with the interloper, and they are not all Southern Democrats. Maine's Edmund Muskie rather archly welcomes Lindsay aboard, after passing the word to a press secretary to triple his own speaking engagements. Hubert

Humphrey—Louisville Courier-Journal



"BUT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN MY PUP!"

phrey greets the news with a long and effusive speech in praise of party loyalty.

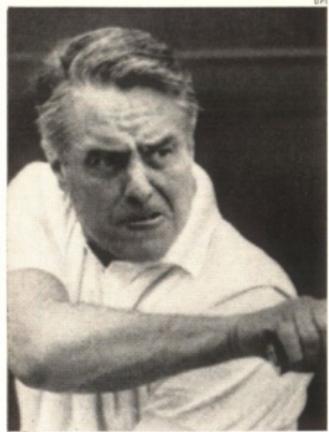
Throughout 1971, Lindsay travels the U.S. on whatever weekends he finds free to drum up funds for his new party and support for the urban cause. At first, he has virtually no clout with the party's entrenched powers. The charges of opportunism do not fade quickly. Yet through the year, his fund raising and obvious attraction for the young, the blacks and other minorities build his credit.

The gathering Lindsay movement produces a curious effect on the Administration. Before Lindsay's switch, Nixon guarded his right flank, fearing that Ronald Reagan or George Wallace might advance as the conservative leader if the President's policies began to look too liberal. Now Nixon moves a shade more toward left-center, emphasizing less Southern strategy and more urban programs, lest Lindsay build sufficient momentum to be a presidential threat.

In the Democratic primaries in 1972, Lindsay enlists a McCarthy-esque volunteer army of the young. Edmund Muskie wins New Hampshire, though barely, and takes Indiana solidly. But Lindsay's organization runs up a startling string of victories in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Oregon and California. By convention time, some party strategists begin to think that Nixon may not be quite as invulnerable as he looks. Inflation is down, but 200,000 American troops remain in Viet Nam. The cleaner environment that Nixon envisioned proves more expensive, more elusive, more difficult to achieve than anticipated. His soothing policies of underplaying national problems worked well for a time, but now the nation is growing somewhat restive again. Although the President still seems unbeatable, the Democrats think they might magnify and capitalize on gathering discontent. Rather than rely on Muskie's safer and quieter persona, they gamble on Lindsay's glamour and appeal to the young . . .

The fantasy, of course, is improbable. If Lindsay did become a Democrat, he might be more likely to run behind, say, Muskie in the primaries. Lindsay might stay alive for a few ballots at the convention and then capitulate, or at best, be persuaded to take second spot on the ticket. And that slate might lose disastrously in November.

When the subject comes up now, Lindsay always insists that he will remain a Republican "at this time." But a man deluged by snowstorms and garbage strikes, the sooty malaise of New York winters, must sometimes dream. As President, after all, Lindsay could savor the sheer *noblesse oblige* of naming Rockefeller to be Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs.



SHRIVER
Following Bobby?

to pay tribute to Adlai Stevenson, who would have been 70 years old last week.

Harris had done little to check this party tendency to prefer reverie to reality. When President Nixon gave his televised State of the Union speech, the National Committee offered only Joe Califano, former assistant to President Johnson, to the networks for rebuttal. Complained one top Democrat: "Now Joe's a bright boy, but outside of Washington, who ever heard of him?"

Repetitive Tone. But Harris can hardly be blamed for all the party's many problems. That is especially true of its major headache: the agile manner in which President Nixon has seized the initiative on the Democrats' most promising issues. On what is now the nation's foremost issue, inflation, he has taken strong action by trying to throttle down the economy (whether it will work without provoking a damaging recession, of course, remains to be seen), and he has managed to place much of the blame on the Democrats' past policies. By putting himself in the front ranks of the anti-pollution crusade, he has convinced much of the public that the Republicans are no less eager to clean up the environment than the opposition party is—even though the Democrats argue that they cared first. His Vietnamization policy seems so unassailable at the moment that the renewed war hearings of Democratic Senator William Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee last week took on a carping, repetitive tone.

While Fulbright asked valid questions about whether the South Vietnamese will be able to hold off the Communists and what Nixon will do if they cannot, other Democratic doves hurried overstated broadsides. Iowa Senator Harold Hughes called Vietnamization "a semantic hoax," adding, acidly, that it is "simply an extension of the Johnson for-

ign policy." South Dakota Senator George McGovern termed it "an effort to tranquilize the conscience of the American people while our Government wages a cruel and needless war by proxy." He even charged peevishly that the Administration was using the Pentagon to attack his patriotism.

The Democrats may be able to do better in remounting a campaign against the anti-ballistic-missile program, which Nixon now wants to expand. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield opened fire last week by charging that it will cost "well beyond \$50 billion" and asking: "Where the hell is it going to end?" Former Ambassador to Moscow George F. Kennan warned that ABM expansion could imperil progress in arms-limitation talks with the Soviet Union and touch off an arms race at "enormous expense and danger."

Shriver Moving. Such is the vacuum of Democratic leadership that speculation persists that New York's Republican Mayor John Lindsay may turn Democrat (see box, page 13). At lower levels, there is also a dearth of attractive Democratic candidates in some key states. Sargent Shriver, long rumored ready to resign his ambassadorship in Paris to run for Governor of Maryland, is now considering moving to New York to seek the Senate seat once held by his brother-in-law Robert Kennedy, and currently occupied by Republican Charles Goodell.

As the Democratic Party loses its voice at top levels, polls show that it is also getting weaker at its base. A new Louis Harris poll indicates that the Democrats are not a majority party; it reports that 48% of the nation's voters now regard themselves as Democrats, 33% as Republicans and 19% as independents. Figures from George Gallup put the Democrats even lower, at 42%, compared with the Republicans' 28% and the independents' 30%.

Those figures do, of course, also indicate a hard core of support on which the Democrats can still base a strong challenge to President Nixon by 1972. And despite the party's current disorganization, it is not in a state of total despair. Ted Kennedy contends that Nixon is especially vulnerable on inflation, claiming that "the price of steel rose more in one year under Nixon than in eight previous years—without a single word of protest from the President." Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy scoffs at Nixon's heralded victory on the HEW appropriations-bill veto. "What's so great about sustaining a veto—a majority of Congressmen voted against him. His support is a mile wide but only two inches deep." Humphrey, always optimistic, argues that the President's current advantage is only temporary, since it is based on "Southern strategy—a Nixon-formed coalition of frightened Americans—that has no long-range future." Yet in all those various charges, there is a defensive, almost desperate tone.

TRIALS

An Electric Circus

To anyone familiar with the decorous rituals of the courtroom and the unchallenged omniscience of the judge, the scene in New York's Criminal Courts Building last week was shocking and absurd. At one end of the dingy courtroom, silver-haired State Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh, 58, sat under the inscription "In God We Trust," sternly trying to keep order. Near by, Assistant District Attorney Joseph Phillips, a tough, hard-working prosecutor, doggedly tried to follow the guideposts of long-established court procedure.

On the other side of the courtroom, surrounded by a phalanx of blue-coated court guards, sat the defendants, 13 Black Panthers in coarse working clothes. Glowering, hooting, they yelled and swore, keeping up a desultory cacophony of epithets, calling the judge and Phillips "fascists," "pigs" and "racists." In the audience behind them, Panther supporters in Afro haircuts, shawls and dashikis joined in the sporadic bedlam, ridiculing Murtagh's determined calls for order. Shouted one defendant, Richard Moore: "This is nothing but an electric circus, a racist Babylon!" Twice fights broke out, and one woman was cited for contempt of court.

Modishly Attired. It was the first week of a pretrial hearing in the case of the Panthers charged with conspiring to bomb public places in New York and with attempted murder and attempted arson. The defendants were originally known as "the Panther 21," but some are being tried separately, others are already in jail on convictions for other crimes. Most have been in solitary con-



PANTHER SUPPORTERS DEMONSTRATE
Making a mockery

finement since their arrest April 2, unable to raise the bail of up to \$100,000 set by Murtagh.

Neither side made any effort to conceal its disdain for the other. Murtagh, a stern former prosecutor, showed little patience with the six long-haired, modishly attired young lawyers with limited trial experience. He hurried their questions, curtly denied their motions, and dropped hints that he will hold the lawyers in contempt for their clients' outbursts.

The Panthers and their supporters showed even less respect for the court. "Unless we get justice," shouted Defendant Moore, "we're going to turn this raggedy, filthy pigpen inside out every day!"

And they did. The first day in court, Defendant Michael Tabor, 22, stood up, apparently to walk to the defense counsel's table. When two guards tried to restrain him, Tabor swung at a guard and missed, and a scuffle followed. The next day, a melee broke out after a white spectator, MaryAnn Weissman, 31, stood up and yelled at Murtagh: "Who judges your conduct?" When guards tried to eject her, a brawl broke out and swept into the corridor. Two defendants, two guards and one detective were injured. Richard Moore charged that he had had his "head dribbled on the floor like a basketball." Lonnie Epps, 18, a defendant free on bail, was re-arrested trying to prevent Mrs. Weissman's ejection, and faces charges of assault and resisting arrest. Murtagh gave Mrs. Weissman a sentence of 30 days in jail.

No Address. Threats also punctuated the trial. "There will be blood all over this courtroom!" yelled someone in the

audience. All who entered the courtroom were carefully searched, and detectives who testified refused to divulge their home addresses. Even the judge refused to reveal where he lived, telling a reporter: "You have seen what happened in the courtroom."

Though the jury has not yet been selected, the Panther trial already gives every indication of turning into a spectacle like the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven. The Panthers seek the overthrow of the system represented by the court and see their trial as political persecution by that system; apparently they intend to dramatize its "corruptness" by making a mockery of it. Yet these tactics are self-defeating. They only expose the Panthers to additional punishment for contempt of court and they may deprive them of sympathy that has been building up because of the unusually large bail in which they have been held (TIME, Feb. 9). Disruptions may be proper Panther ideology, but they are poor and dangerous tactics, both in a courtroom and in the larger scene of the national consciousness.

CITIES Fiasco in Cleveland

Since 1967, when Carl Stokes became the first black mayor of a major U.S. city, his greatest failing has been law enforcement. The Cleveland police force has been racked by dissension and poor leadership. Crime has jumped by 54% since 1968, giving Cleveland one of the fastest-growing crime rates in the country.

Part of the mayor's problem has been his inability to appoint top cops who are able to get along with him as well as with their subordinates. Recently, Stokes chose his third police chief and second safety director. The mayor was roundly applauded for picking as safety director retired Air Force Lieut. General Benjamin O. Davis Jr., the highest ranking black military officer in U.S. history. But when Stokes chose as police chief William P. Ellenburg, a retired Detroit inspector with 27 years on the force, he hatched a new controversy.

Ellenburg, 50, had no sooner accepted the job than it was revealed that he allegedly had been on the Mafia payroll until 1963. Last week, after only ten days in office, the new police chief resigned. "I categorically deny the accusations," he said. In accepting the resignation, Stokes said: "To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Ellenburg is the victim of unproven accusations."

Received Money. What seems incredible about the Ellenburg affair is that Stokes had not heard about the accusations earlier. For the past two months, ex-Mafia Attorney Lawrence A. Burns has been talking with Michigan authorities and newsmen about his dealings with gangsters and cops in Detroit. He claimed that Ellenburg had been receiving bribes for years from mobsters to protect the numbers racket

RICHARD T. CONWAY—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



EX-CHIEF ELLENBURG
Running out of time.

and from Burns himself to protect an abortion clinic. Burns also fingered Thomas Cochill, another former Detroit lawman whom Ellenburg had brought to Cleveland as his personal aide.

Before naming Ellenburg, Stokes claimed he had made extensive inquiries about his appointee's character. But Detroit Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy says: "I was never contacted, and I know of no one who was." Stokes finally went to Detroit last week and questioned Former Mayor Jerome Cavanaugh, who had recommended Ellenburg to Stokes. Cavanaugh said that it might be the result of enmity between some of the Michigan police and himself. But when Stokes turned to Michigan authorities for information about Ellenburg, none was willing to reject flatly Burns' stories.

At week's end Stokes replaced Ellenburg with Cleveland Police Inspector Lewis Coffee, the fourth chief in 28 months. Since Stokes just won a second term in office, the Ellenburg controversy is unlikely to have any immediate political ramifications. There is, however, growing dissatisfaction among civic leaders with his performance. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, which had supported Stokes in his campaigns for office, printed an editorial last week signed by Editor-Publisher Thomas Vail. "Time is running out," wrote Vail. "The people of Cleveland will not stand for another fiasco in public safety."

CALIFORNIA Postscript to People's Park

After years of trouble with Berkeley's radicals, the Alameda County sheriff's deputies were in an ugly mood last May. At issue was "People's Park," a vacant lot owned by the University of California and taken over by a band of students and hippies to occupy and beautify for their own use. After the uni-



OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE
of the system.

versity ousted the squatters and fenced the lot, inevitably a dissenting march was mounted. When the protesters approached People's Park, the police were ready and waiting.

During the ensuing three-hour battle, a shotgun blast hit James Rector, 25, an unemployed carpenter who was watching the melee from the supposed safety of a nearby roof. He later died of the wounds. Another rooftop spectator, Allan Blanchard, 29, was blinded by pellets from police guns.

A week later, a group approached another vacant lot in a second effort to establish a People's Park. Sheriff's deputies, police and National Guardsmen arrested more than 400 protesters and bystanders. They took them by bus to a prison farm 25 miles away. Strutting among the prisoners, the sheriff's deputies punched, jabbed, clubbed and verbally terrorized their captives. "Don't move," one deputy was quoted as saying. "We shoot to kill here." After hours of harassment, all were released, and charges were later dismissed. Ironically, the park that began the trouble has since become an innocuous parking lot.

The FBI launched an investigation of the May events and turned over its findings to the Justice Department. Last week twelve of the deputies were indicted by a federal grand jury for misusing their authority. If convicted, some of them could face sentences of eleven years' imprisonment and \$6,000 fines.

Campaign Begun. The indictments incensed Alameda County Sheriff Frank Madigan. While admitting that "things got out of hand," he described the investigations and charges of his men as "one of the sickest government operations that I have ever seen." A hard-line law-and-order advocate, Madigan believes that his own recommendations for disciplining ten of his men—ranging from demotions to 15-day suspensions without pay—were enough. He claims that the indictments will have a "profound effect" on law enforcement across the country, adding: "No one sends us for until things are out of hand and force is necessary."

Madigan and his allies blame their troubles on U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole, 55, who obtained the indictments from the grand jury on his last day in office. A black and a Democratic appointee, Poole had served in Northern California since 1961 and has twice been blocked by politics from ascending to the federal bench. The last occasion was when his appointment by Lyndon Johnson was withdrawn after the Republicans took office. He was recently appointed a professor at Berkeley's law school, and Madigan hints that the indictments were designed to mollify his liberal new associates at the university. The accusation is weak, considering Poole's excellent law-enforcement record. But Sheriff Madigan, 61, faces re-election this June in a county where the hard line wins votes.

Memories from the Pedernales

The second installment of Lyndon Johnson's televised memoirs was broadcast by CBS last week. One of the more knowing viewers of L.B.J.'s talk with Walter Cronkite was TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey, who covered the White House during the Kennedy and Johnson years. Here is Sidey's assessment, weighing Johnson's recollections against those of his own:

FOR an hour, Lyndon Baines Johnson lamented a world that would not behave as he thought it should. Far more than his earlier interview, it was his own tragedy on film, the first national



JOHNSON IN TELEVISION INTERVIEW
Longings for a simpler time.

look at the man as he really was behind the White House scenes. Johnson's hero was his loyal Secretary of State, Dean Rusk; his villain, Defense Secretary Clark Clifford. In Johnson's account of how he ordered the bombing of North Viet Nam partially halted on March 31, 1968, it was Rusk—not Clifford—who suggested the idea. Rusk, L.B.J. related, first broached the point March 4, and it was Rusk who argued against Clifford's proposal to insist on some reciprocal action from North Viet Nam. According to Johnson: "Secretary Rusk said, 'Reciprocity won't work. We ought to just stop the bombing.'"

Initial Irritation. That is Johnsonian history. The ex-President ignores the long internal battle for Johnson's mind as related by Clifford and others. According to Johnson, there was no battle. He does not say that a draft of his March 31 speech as late as March 28 contained no mention of a bombing halt and took a hard line. Nor does he mention his three bellicose speeches given in March or his initial irritation at U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's suggestion for a total bombing halt.

"Let's get one thing clear," he said, "I'm telling you now, I am not going to stop the bombing." The recollection of the men involved in the argument was that Rusk talked of the possibility of a bombing pause, but only unenthusiastically as one alternative. Witnesses of those days insist that it was Clifford, not Rusk, who raised the first effective doubt in those councils.

It is conceivable, of course, that everybody is technically correct. Rusk may have suggested the bombing halt but then not supported it in the discussions. Others who worked with Rusk insist that he took position only after terminating where Johnson stood.

Strewn with Longings. The former President also denied the contention of many—including Clifford—that a request for 206,000 more troops had come from the military in Saigon. Johnson said that he had initiated the request, but had asked only for "recommendations, not implementations." Again, the President's memory differs from that of people at the Pentagon, who do not recall directives to determine "if" new troops were needed, but only how many.

Johnson said that he had not believed that there would be a Communist offensive during *Tet*—an agreed truce—but the Communists attacked anyway. "That was just too much to even believe a Communist would do," Johnson said. The hour was strewn with this and other longings for a simpler time.

Johnson's familiar targets got another lick. Discussing the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, which he used as authority to take the U.S. into war, Johnson said sarcastically: "Now it never occurred to me that Senator [William] Fulbright, this Rhodes scholar, didn't understand what was in that language." L.B.J. said that the resolution should have been named "the Fulbright Resolution, like the Fulbright scholars thing, because Senator Fulbright introduced it with his consent." Johnson is right about the origin of the resolution, but it came at a time when the President was telling everyone he was not about to send American boys to fight Asian battles.

As it did in the White House, Johnson's anger sometimes subsided into self-pity. One could feel the anguish of this amazing man as his hands chopped the air and the words rushed out in his insistence on writing the history of his years the way he wants it written. He has picked up a few pounds and his hair is a little grayer, but his eyes still form slits when he is pursuing his victories, and his features are intent.

These recollections reveal one other factor of those years: the internal secrecy and random communication that Johnson insisted on in his Administration. It was a flaw of monumental proportions. The confusion of his history must be a reflection of the confusion of those times.



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THE WORLD

Middle East: Balancing on the Brink

*Do not let this matter trouble you,
for the sword devours now one and
now another. Strengthen your attack
upon the city and overthrow it.*

—II Samuel 11: 25

SO said King David to his downcast general, Joab, during a battle with the Ammonites for the city that is today the Jordanian capital of Amman. And so said Israel's Defense Minister Moshe Dayan last week in similar circumstances. Dayan was in the port city of Eilat, surveying the capsized hulk of

ing that unless the Western powers curb the Israelis, Moscow may increase its arms shipments to the Arabs. Gamal Abdel Nasser's undeclared war of attrition against Israel has backfired badly. Instead of turning the Suez into a "sea of blood," Nasser has egged Israel into sending its commandos deep into the Nile valley and its bombers right up to the gates of the Egyptian capital. In alarm, Nasser turned to his Soviet sponsors for help, and Moscow obliged.

Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin dispatched three messages in all. Two went

to join finally in peacemaking attempts.

The Russians are hardly likely to comply. Since 1967, they have followed a Middle East policy designed to achieve what one British diplomat last week described as "stable instability." Moscow wants neither peace nor a fourth round of full-scale war, but rather a situation of churning unrest that would finally shatter whatever influence the U.S. still has with the Arab states. That would allow Russia to become the dominant power in the region. The Soviet policy rests on two premises: 1) a reasonably as-



ISRAELI HOWITZER DUELING ACROSS SUEZ CANAL

an Israeli supply ship sunk by Egyptian limpet mines, when he quoted the *Second Book of Samuel*. Hours later, as if in response to his exhortation, Israeli airmen over the Gulf of Suez sank an Egyptian mine layer that normally carries a crew of 80.

Dayan's words set an ominous tone for what was an unusually ominous week in the Middle East. Items:

► Egyptian commandos slipped across the Suez Canal, killed four Israelis in an ambush on a patrol, then were cut up by Israeli airplanes. Meanwhile, Egyptian bombers swept over Israeli positions along the canal four times.

► Israeli jets flying over Egypt attacked four military installations scattered along a 250-mile front.

► Syria attacked Israeli positions on the Golan Heights; in two days of air and artillery battles Israel lost one airplane but claimed five Syrian tanks and several gun batteries knocked out.

Moscow Message. Most disturbing of all, the Soviet Union gave an added edge to the Middle East crisis by hint-

to Britain's Harold Wilson and France's Georges Pompidou, requesting them to use their leverage—certainly slight in the case of France—with Washington and Jerusalem to stop the attacks. A third message, meanwhile, was addressed to President Nixon. Although it was brief, it read like a lecture. Kosygin accused Washington of arming and encouraging Israel, and called for the reopening of the becalmed four-power peace talks.

Stable Instability. Nixon answered the message at about the same length and in the same tone. He rejected the implication that the U.S. was responsible for Israel's actions. He reminded Kosygin that since the Six-Day War of 1967 Moscow had turned down every U.S. proposal for limiting arms among the Middle East belligerents and for achieving a negotiated peace. Repeating his statement to U.S. Jewish leaders three weeks ago, Nixon promised that Washington would continue to ensure Israel's safety with arms. The alternative, he said, was for the Soviet government

to take use of Russian weapons and tactics by the Arabs; and 2) a disinclination on the part of the U.S., Israel's last major armorer, to provide more arms.

Guessing Wrong. Neither postulation has held up. With all their Soviet matériel, the Arabs have proved ineffectual. They have scored some successes since the war of attrition began last spring but they have paid dearly for every one. The Israelis, for instance, have systematically taken out the SA-2 surface-to-air missiles that the Russians gave Nasser and laid ruin to the radar system that was supposed to alert them to low-flying Israeli marauders.

As for the second Soviet premise, it has proved equally wrong. For a time, Nixon's determination to achieve even-handedness in his Middle East policy offered Moscow cause for optimism; the Russians assumed that Washington would accomplish this primarily by limiting Israeli arms. Now the U.S. is on the verge of providing more weapons to Israel, and just might give Premier Golda Meir all 24 Phantoms jets and



"KEEP CALM, EVERYBODY!
CHANCES TO ONE"

80 Skyhawks that she requested during her U.S. visit last fall. The decision is being influenced only partly by Russian threats; another factor is the announcement by President Georges Pompidou that by 1974 France will provide nearly 110 Mirage jets and trainers to Libya, Egypt's neighbor and close ally.

More Planes than Pilots. With its policy in disarray and its Arab clients seeking help, Moscow must now decide what to do. Providing the Arabs with better equipment—new MIG-23 "Foxbats" to replace destroyed MIG-21s or SA-3 missiles in lieu of the SA-2s—is impractical. The Egyptians are scarcely able to handle what they have been given. In an unusually frank interview with U.S. Newsman William Tuohy and Rowland Evans, Nasser admitted last week that "we have more planes than pilots." Nor

SOUTH VIET NAM

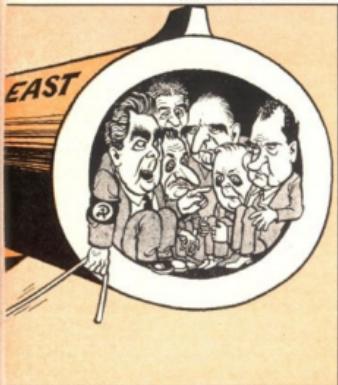
Inoffensive Tet

Two years ago, during the Communists' *Tet* offensive of 1968, Viet Cong regulars overran the tiny hamlet of Huu Thanh in the Mekong Delta and destroyed nearly every building. Last week, as South Viet Nam celebrated the arrival of the Year of the Dog, government flags flew from every home and the town was almost completely rebuilt. In Hué, nearly wrecked by savage street fighting two years ago, crowds flocked to the reconstructed market, buying New Year gifts for their families from the 2,000-odd vendors. Pretty Saigon girls in *ao dai* posed for their boy friends' cameras before the city's monuments. All over war-wracked South Viet Nam there were similar festive

would have liked to create a flurry," a high-ranking U.S. general said, "but they just weren't up to it." President Nguyen Van Thieu told TIME that the war may now be in a transition period, de-escalating from all-out warfare to protracted guerrilla fighting. But Thieu does expect a sizable attack just before the elections next fall.

Thieu's assessment of a lower level of fighting is based not only on documents emerging from North Viet Nam but also on a general reduction in enemy infiltration and overall activity. His estimate was confirmed in a Hanoi speech last week by Le Duan, First Secretary of North Viet Nam's ruling Lao Dong (Workers) Party. Warning his countrymen that they might have to fight for "many years more," Le Duan urged them to concentrate increasingly

CUMMING—DAILY EXPRESS, LONDON



WITH RUSSIAN ROULETTE YOU HAVE FIVE
YOU WON'T GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF."

is Moscow likely to order its own military advisers to expose themselves to danger by operating complex equipment under combat conditions. The Russians themselves have already suffered in Israel's attacks; in one incident last March, a number of their men were killed in an artillery barrage that also fatally injured Egyptian Chief of Staff Abdel Monem Riad.

The Arabs would undoubtedly like to have the cease-fire renewed, if only to ease the pressure on them and give them time to rearm. But they will not admit it. The closest they have come was the observation last week by Jordan's Foreign Minister Abdul Munem Rifa'i that his beleaguered kingdom has "a positive attitude" to any reasonable Middle East peace plan. Meanwhile Egypt, Jordan, Iraq, Syria and Sudan met in Cairo last weekend, along with Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat. The agenda made no mention of peace or cease-fires. It was concerned mainly with coordination of the war on the eastern front.



HOLIDAY SHOPPERS JAM SAIGON MARKET

scenes. Only the traditional firecrackers were missing; they were banned because they sound too much like gunfire. Temporarily, at least, it seemed possible to forget about the war.

For virtually everyone but the military, that is. All leaves were canceled. Outside Saigon, South Vietnamese armor stood guard. In Hué, flak-jacketed ARVN Rangers carrying M-16s mingled with the holiday crowds. Memories of the 1968 holocaust were very much on the military's mind, but there was optimism as well. In the delta's lush Ba Xuyen province, a district chief discounted chances of a VC attack: "We've driven them out and I think they know better than to return." Earlier in the week, the enemy had mounted a mini-offensive: 70 cities and bases were shelled or mortared one night, 44 the next. But as *Tet* neared, the activity died—so much so that on the first day of the holiday, a Vietnamese army spokesman had nothing more to say at the daily briefing than, "Happy *Tet*."

"My guess is that the Communists

on economic development. The speech was a clear reflection of North Viet Nam's very real internal difficulties.

There was no indication, however, that concessions would soon be forthcoming at the Paris peace talks as a result. In fact, North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris went out of their way to point out that no high-level secret talks are now being held; possibly irritated that Henry Cabot Lodge was not replaced by a man of comparable stature after his resignation in November, Hanoi's representatives said that they have had no private contacts at all with the U.S. delegation since Philip C. Habib became its acting chief.

Late in the week, as the 24-hour *Tet* cease-fire ended, there were reports of increased battlefield action, mostly in the Mekong Delta and in the north, near the Demilitarized Zone. The fighting was on a small scale, but no one in South Viet Nam was forgetting that shortly after the cease-fire expired last year, the enemy launched an offensive that lasted for 36 days.

India: The Politics of Prejudice

MOHandas GANDHI called them "harijans" (children of God), but most Indians still treat the country's 84 million Untouchables more like his rejects. Nearly 38 years after Gandhi launched his campaign to erase Untouchability, God's children are still locked in bestial poverty and ignorance. "Even after two decades of independence," Prime Minister Indira Gandhi admitted last week at a Congress Party meeting in Dehra Dun, "Untouchability persists." India, she said, must "hang her head in shame."

The problem of the Untouchables is old, but the urgency is new—and openly political. Since she broke with the conservative, big-city bosses of her party last fall, splitting Congress into two feuding factions, Indira and her socialist followers have been under pressure to call elections before long. The long-ignored *harijans*, numbering about one-seventh of India's 560 million population, loom as a powerful and perhaps pivotal bloc.

As a result, canvassers from every Indian party have been venturing into the country's 565,000 small hamlets and



HARIJAN STREET SWEEPER

Untouchable with a Touch

JAGJIVAN RAM has a lumpy, 5-ft. 5-in. frame, thick features and ears that fairly bristle with hair. He is an Untouchable, with roots in the lowly *chamar* (leatherworkers) caste. Yet, as Congress Party president, Minister for Food and Agriculture, and Indira Gandhi's chief ally, Ram at 61 is one of India's most powerful politicians. He is also one of the very few *harijans* ever to rise above the ceilings dictated by the caste system.

Ram had several advantages. His father, though an outcaste farmer, owned a spread of 40 or 50 acres in a relatively tolerant area of Bihar state. Not until he went to Banaras Hindu University in 1926 did Ram really learn the anguish of Untouchability. When word of his outcaste status got around, his landlord threatened to lock him out. As Ram recalls it today: "I told him that if he broke my lock, I would break his head."

With a degree in science, Ram joined Gandhi's anti-British Congress movement, and wound up in jail as an agitator in the early 1940s. At independence in 1947, Ram was Congress' Minister of Labor—the first of a series of Cabinet positions he has held, with one 28-month hiatus, ever since.

Though he now spends more in a week on his State Express cigarettes than he did for a month's room and board at college, Ram is a plain-living man. A teetotaler, he counts as his greatest private pleasure a game of bridge

and a few hours tending his carnations and roses.

He is regarded as India's ablest working Cabinet man. As Communications Minister in the 1950s, for example, he planned the airline reorganization that nationalized Air-India, the country's international carrier. Even more important than his ministerial work is his role, conferred by Gandhi 23 years ago, as the Congress Party's *harijan* leader. It provides him with a powerful fulcrum. When Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri died in 1966, Ram swung his bloc

villages in hopes of tapping the Untouchable vote. In West Bengal, Kerala and Tamil Nadu, the Communists have made considerable headway with promises of liberal land handouts. Indira has a trump card of her own: the exception to the image of the hopeless *harijan*. Food and Agriculture Minister Jagjivan Ram, an old Gandhi and Untouchable leader who last December became Indira's party president (see box).

Social Sediment. The Untouchables are castoffs from one of the world's most rigid social orders. Around 1500 B.C., according to many scholars, fair-haired Aryan invaders formalized the four-tier Hindu caste system and introduced a color factor.⁹ The tiers soon evolved into economic strata, and by 500 B.C. a fifth level had been established for Atisudras, or Untouchables. The fifth stratum, peopled by the hated and despised children of intercaste marriages and the lowest castes, became

⁹ Caste was stronger than color, but the de-sired light skin was most common among Brahmins (priests), who ranked ahead of Kshatriyas (warriors and administrators), Vaisyas (traders and farmers) and, finally, dark-skinned Sudras (menial laborers of all kinds).

of more than 50 *harijan* parliamentary votes behind Indira Gandhi, assuring her election as Prime Minister over a conservative Syndicate faction rival. The Syndicate's bosses have never forgiven him. Recently, they tried to break him with charges of tax fraud. As it turned out, Ram had neglected to pay \$2,718 in taxes on the earnings from a small investment that had accrued unnoticed over a ten-year period. Indira publicly forgave him for his "forgetfulness," then maneuvered to have him named president of her own faction of the Congress Party. During the crisis, Ram said nothing. "Even if you have the greatest adversity," he says with the special wisdom conferred by his *harijan* background, "bemoaning it will not help."

Currently, Ram's highest priority is a program to settle *harijans* on their own land. "Land is not only a means of livelihood," he says, "it also gives its owner status and prestige." Ram acknowledges that attitudes toward Untouchability are changing, albeit slowly. "Forty years ago a caste friend would have preferred to go to jail rather than dine with me," he says. But where the Untouchable was the object of hatred before, he adds, "now the attitude is one of indifference." As a *harijan*, Ram may never have a real chance to become India's Prime Minister; his age may also be a handicap. Nevertheless, whenever Indira decides to step down, Jagjivan Ram may well find himself in the role of kingmaker.



JAGJIVAN RAM

India's social and economic sediment.

Today the Untouchables remain the most backward group in a still backward land. India's literacy rate of 25% is shocking enough, but drops to 10% among the Untouchables. More than one-third of the Untouchables are landless farm laborers toiling for 26¢ a day. Those who have fled to the cities, where they can enjoy urban anonymity, find caste still much in evidence. Though the government is supposed to reserve 12.5% of all its job openings for them, only 2% of New Delhi's top-echelon of officials and 3% of its legions of clerks are *harijans*.

Casual Brutality. The sting of Untouchability has softened somewhat. No longer, for example, are any *harijans* expected to use earthen spittoons hung round the neck because their spitting on the ground might "pollute" barefoot Brahmans. Until the 1930s, the lowliest Untouchables were virtually "unseeable" as well in some parts of India; caste Hindus believed even an Untouchable's shadow was defiling. Though such attitudes no longer prevail, a special government inquiry commission recently concluded that despite decades of legislation, discrimination is still "virulent all over India."

Untouchables are regular victims of brutality. In remote villages, "uppity" *harijan* women are sometimes paraded nude through the streets and then raped. A scuffle between an Untouchable laborer and some caste Hindus in Tamil Nadu State on Christmas Day in 1968 led to an arson attack on an Untouchable ghetto: 42 men, women and children were burned alive.

Class Love. Ancient attitudes have kept caste barriers Himalayan in height. So has the fact that, for all the official pronouncements, the government has done little to help. Over the past 15 years, spending on special economic-aid programs for *harijans* has totaled only \$90 million, a meager 1.5% of all development outlays. Of the 115,000 students currently enrolled in Indian universities, only 2,300 are Untouchables. Scores of laws are on the statute books, but enforcing them is something else.

Slowly the bonds of Untouchability have begun to weaken as the Hindu doctrine of *karma* has come into question. *Karma* teaches outcasts that their present misery is the result of sin committed in a previous incarnation. For centuries that doctrine has ensured that the Untouchables would accept their lot. Now growing numbers of them are demanding a better break in this life, not the next one.

Placard-carrying "militant" Untouchables have not yet appeared on the streets of Delhi, but the *harijan* case is being made more and more vocally by the small *harijan* bloc in Parliament, by a few enlightened caste Hindus—and by the Communists. As Gandhi warned, if love and legislation do not overcome Untouchability, the only alternative may be bloody revolution.

THE PHILIPPINES

Marcos Besieged

Even in the violence-prone Philippines, there had never been anything like it. First, as he emerged with his wife from Manila's Legislative Building, where he had just delivered his state of the nation address, President Ferdinand Marcos was greeted with a shower of bottles, sticks and placards. Four days later, a mob of 4,000 students stormed the Malacañang presidential palace, ramming a stolen fire truck through a gate. Four students were killed and hundreds were injured in the eight-hour fracas, the worst organized demonstration since the island nation of 38 million gained independence in 1946.

Soothsayer's Warning. In the two weeks since the riots, Marcos—the Philippines' most decorated war hero—has holed up in Malacañang as it were the Alamo. The charming old Spanish colonial palace has become a fortress. Workmen have welded closed two of its four massive entrance gates. Armed guards patrol the Pasig riverfront; soldiers in combat dress and plainclothesmen, guns bulging under their loose-fitting *barong tagalog* shirts, are all over the Malacañang's banyan-shaded grounds.

sassinated before April by "a light-skinned man wearing a suit." Long before the bloody riots, Marcos had cut his public appearances to a minimum.

Marcos is bedeviled by enough real troubles without having to worry about imaginary ones. The November election was corrupt even by Philippine standards: just before the balloting, the government parceled out some \$50 million in "local development funds" to thousands of *barrio* (village) leaders in \$500 packets.

Graft, inefficiency and official indifference are epidemic. When a reporter last week questioned Marcos about incidents of police brutality during the riots, Wife Imelda answered: "What can you expect when all we can pay a policeman is 180 pesos [\$45] a month? Of course you get barbarians."

Costly Imbalance. The Philippines' most urgent problems are economic, and Marcos is at least partly to blame. Priming for the election, he set records in building schools, dams and highways. In the year preceding the election, the money supply was increased by an astonishing 23%. At one point, the government's indebtedness totaled \$1.5 billion. Marcos is faced with paying the bills. Hoping to fend off devaluation of



TROOPS BATTLE ANTI-GOVERNMENT RIOTERS IN MANILA
Palace into fortress.

Why all the fortifications? At first, Marcos spoke of "nonstudent provocateurs." By week's end he was talking of "an insurrection" and a "plan to take over Malacañang Palace" organized by agitators who "believe in Mao Tsetung." It was an odd performance for a normally ebullient man who only last November became the first President in Philippine history to win a second term. Marcos' current siege mentality is widely attributed to the influence of one Virginia Dimalanta, a soothsayer who has predicted that he will be as-

the peso and improve a costly payments imbalance, Marcos has imposed import taxes so stiff that the price of a legally imported \$3,000 car has risen to \$20,000. Government spending has been slashed, and old loans are desperately being renegotiated. Sizable short-term loans are being sought abroad.

Outsiders expect that the Philippines is in for two years of austerity. In the meantime, the prospects are for rising prices, rising unemployment and above all, rising dissatisfaction with the Marcos regime.

The Last of the Victorian Rebels

AT Plas Penrhyn, his comfortable country house in northern Wales, he worked until the very end—a sparrow of a man, 97 years old and still trying to straighten out the world. A statement went off to Cairo on the Middle East crisis; letters and papers were prepared on Viet Nam and the plight of political prisoners. Then, after a whisky, he retired with a touch of flu to his bedroom overlooking Tremadoc Bay. Not long afterward, the long, passionate life of Bertrand Russell came to an end.

Only five mourners, including members of the immediate family, were present at the private cremation, and there were no ceremonies. But the world took note. Prime Minister Wilson laid clum-

neighbors might say, if not with an active desire to *épater le bourgeois*. His grandfather, the first earl, was Prime Minister of England. His parents were ardent freethinkers and campaigners for women's rights. Bertie, considered frail, was educated at home, and there was much coming and going of tutors.

Perhaps mercifully, both his parents died before he was four years old, and Russell was raised by his grandmother, a Presbyterian of strict self-discipline. At eleven, Bertie discovered Euclid under the tutelage of his older brother—"one of the great events of my life," he wrote, "as dazzling as first love." For the next 27 years, mathematics was his "chief source of happiness."

Liberating Numbers. Sex soon began to run a close second. Russell rhapsodizes in his three-volume autobiography about the joys of honeymooning with his first wife, Alys, a Quaker from Philadelphia. Stimulated by such delights, Russell wrote his first major work, *The Principles of Mathematics*, at the breakneck rate of 200,000 words in three months. The book was designed to liberate numbers from the mystique that had clung to them since the days of Pythagoras and to demonstrate that all mathematics derives from logic. The three-volume *Principia Mathematica* took Russell and Whitehead ten years. Most of it is completely inaccessible to non-mathematicians, but not all. For example, it contains a careful explication of what is generally considered Russell's greatest philosophical "discovery": the Theory of Descriptions.

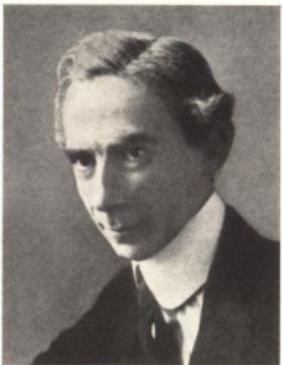
This was designed to purge language of the built-in ambiguities that tend to muddy strictly logical thought. Russell takes as an example the sentence: "The golden mountain does not exist." The ambiguity is that the words "golden mountain" may be taken to indicate a something where there is really a nothing. One might ask: "What is it that does not exist?" The answer would be "the golden mountain," implying that it has some kind of reality. Russell's solution was to turn the substantive phrase into what he called a descriptive phrase, i.e.: "There is no entity *c*, such that '*x* is golden and mountainous' is true when *x* is *c*, but not otherwise."

According to this theory, a man, a concept or an object can only be considered to exist in terms of its exact description. Obviously this requirement can have a devastating effect on such imprecise words as evil or God. Russell's aim—and the aim of the linguistic school that has burgeoned in his wake with the work of his pupil Wittgenstein and many others—was to make over and diminish philosophy. Its traditional function was as a dispenser of wisdom, a guide to right and wrong; the linguistic school saw it merely as a tool to test the truth of limited propositions.

Russell's tremendous intellectual ef-

fort to forge that tool was complicated by his discovery—apparently as a sudden revelation while bicycling along a country road—that he no longer loved Alys. But he slogged along for nine years with both wife and book until *Principia Mathematica* was finished. So, almost, was he. "My intellect never quite recovered from the strain," he wrote. "I have been ever since definitely less capable of dealing with difficult abstractions than I was before."

Indeed, he never again put his intellect to a comparable test, but began a new phase as a public—and private—personality that lasted the rest of his life. First he plunged into an affair with a rangy, red-haired bluestocking named Lady Ottoline Morrell, the wife of an acquaintance. He promptly told Alys. "After she had stormed for some



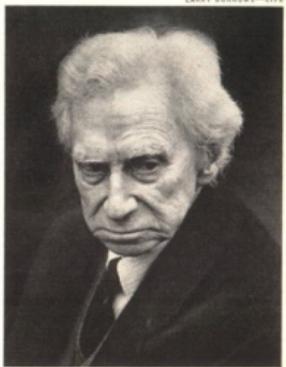
RUSSELL AT 44

The golden mountain . . .

sy claim to him as "the British Voltaire." *Izvestia* extolled him as "most representative of the progressive spirit outside the Communist world." The World Jewish Congress called him "one of the greatest humanitarians of all time." The Queen pointed to his "distinguished contribution to 20th century thought."

It was Russell's thought that had primacy and gave weight to the workings of his large and sometimes foolish heart. Skeptic, agnostic and above all rationalist, he won his first fame as a mathematician, later as a philosopher by creatively applying mathematical methods to the linguistic mysteries of meaning. His most notable work, *Principia Mathematica*, written with the collaboration of his fellow mathematician, Alfred North Whitehead, is a bench mark of 20th century philosophy. Paradoxically, though, Russell was less a man of the 20th century than the last of the eminent, eccentric Victorian rebels.

Aristocratic Disdain. The Rt. Hon. Bertrand Arthur William Russell, third Earl Russell, was born into a tradition of aristocratic disdain for what the



AT 89

. . . does not exist.

hours," he writes in his autobiography. "I gave a lesson in Locke's philosophy for her niece, Karin Costelloe, who was about to take her Tripos. I then rode away on my bicycle, and with that my first marriage came to an end." He did not see Alys again for 39 years.

This cool-cat manner, displayed many times during his four marriages and numerous affairs, is a token of the ascendancy of head over heart. Recounting one of his most successful affairs, he wrote: "We did not go to bed the first time we were lovers, as there was too much to say." At least as important, however, was Russell's pre-Freudian ignorance and indifference about his own and others' subsurface motivations.

On the Public Stage. World War I, for Russell, was a "rejuvenating" experience. Like his grandfather before him, the arid mathematician-philosopher became an actor on the public stage. As a passionate pacifist, he was sentenced to six months in jail. After the war, he visited and wrote about Russia, where he found too much government, and China, where he found too little. He started a widely publicized progressive school

MARTIN MARIETTA MOVES

in cement,
aggregates,
aluminum,
lime, high
technology
systems,
dyes, silicas,
chemicals,
printing inks,
refractories.



Taming the Ohio is a job for heavyweight construction materials. One of our companies supplied 2-million tons of rock aggregate to build this dam system on the Ohio at Belleville, West Virginia. Another 2-million tons is going into a dam system downstream. We're hefty in rock, with over 100 plants in 14 states. Last year, rock contributed more than \$70-million to our corporate sales.

**MARTIN
MARIETTA**

277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

with his second wife ("We allow them to be rude and use any language they like"). He lectured at the University of Chicago, U.C.L.A., and Harvard.

Declension of Logic. Adolf Hitler was too much for Russell's pacifism; he supported the Allies in World War II. After the war, the honors began rolling in: Britain's Order of Merit in 1949 (an encomium limited to 24 living Britons) and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950.

The postwar period also brought the declension of a great logician into a rhetorical polemicist. In 1948, astonishingly, he urged preventive war against the Soviet Union. "Either we must have a war against Russia, before she has the atom bomb, or we will have to lie down and let them govern us." His first recommendation was ignored, and so by the 1960s he was seriously suggesting that the second be adopted. The Ban-the-Bomb movement and then the Viet Nam War set the old humanitarian excitement running high, and this bright-eyed disturber of the peace must have rejoiced when, at the age of 89, he got himself sent to jail again for seven days for leading a demonstration against nuclear weapons. Less elegantly, Russell's anti-Americanism (which he denied on the astonishing grounds that he had had two American wives) became obsessive. The Americans in Viet Nam, he said, were "at least as bad as the Nazis."

Far truer to his life was the courageous confession—in an essay called

"Reflections on My 80th Birthday"—that the mathematical structure he had worked so hard to erect was nothing but an illusion: "I set out with a more or less religious belief in a Platonic eternal world, in which mathematics shone with a beauty like that of the last Cantos of the *Paradiso*. I came to the conclusion that the eternal world is trivial and that mathematics is only the art of saying the same thing in different words."

Long before his death, he shed the Victorian optimism that had envisioned a gradual spread of freedom and prosperity and decline of tyranny and injustice. He feared, instead, a nuclear war that would exterminate mankind with terminal horrors of loot, rapine and anarchy. But he was not entirely pessimistic: "I may have conceived the theoretical truth wrongly, but I was not wrong in thinking that there is such a thing, and that it deserves our allegiance. I may have thought the road to a world of free and happy human beings shorter than it is proving to be, but I was not wrong in thinking that it is worthwhile to live with a view to bringing it nearer . . . These things I believe, and the world, for all its horrors, has left me unshaken."

SOVIET UNION Vodka on the Rocks

For years the Soviet Union officially endorsed Friedrich Engels' argument that alcoholism is "a disease of capitalism" and would swiftly cease to be a problem for a Communist society. Gradually, however, the Kremlin has moved away from that rigid viewpoint and acknowledged that drinking has remained a serious problem. Now Russia's rulers have launched a pervasive propaganda campaign against Demon Vodka, and they are enacting stiff new laws to back up the words.

The Russians were heavy drinkers long before the Revolution, and Communism has not changed that. Lenin & Co. learned as much when, in an effort to conserve potatoes and grain, they continued a World War I liquor prohibition into the mid-1920s; during one six-month period, the Soviet militia uncovered no fewer than 75,296 illegal stills. Since then, sales of vodka, profits to the state and the number of chronic alcoholics have all grown right along with the population. The Kremlin does not publish official statistics, but one count of Soviet souses in 1965 put the number of heavy drinkers at 10 million. Today, says the government, drunks are responsible for a major portion of violent crime, including 60% of all murders. Officials also calculate that 90% of all Soviet citizens who report late to work or stay away do so because of a drinking problem.

Drinking and Drifting. Alcohol's drain on productivity has become especially dismaying to the party hierarchy because of growing signs of sluggishness



ENGELS IN 19TH CENTURY BIERGARTEN

Everybody's disease.

in the Soviet economy. Thus, while past antidrinking crusades have suffered from complacency and lack of enforcement, this time officials really seem to mean business. Last week the Soviet Trade Union Council ordered a crackdown on workers who "drink, loaf or drift." The council recommended that recalcitrant members be expelled and thereby deprived of sick leave and pension benefits.

Newspapers and television stations have been full of warnings against the dangers of drink, not to mention the expense. A pint of vodka sells for \$3 to \$4, which takes a big bite out of the average worker's \$134 monthly salary. In addition, any time a drunk gets hauled off for a shower and a night's sleep in one of the sobering-up stations that are maintained by the government, he is charged another \$8.90.

Deputy Interior Minister Boris Shumilin recently urged a comprehensive, nationwide approach to the problem. Heeding Shumilin's advice, the Moscow City Soviet (akin to a city council) adopted tough ordinances banning the sale of booze in the vicinity of industrial sites, schools and recreation areas. Where once a tippler could pick up a bottle at countless corner groceries and even special kiosks along major streets, henceforth only special liquor outlets, supermarkets and department stores will be permitted to sell the stuff. Other Soviet cities can be expected to follow Moscow's lead, and a national law is likely to be enacted shortly.

Action on another proposal offered by Shumilin will be longer in coming. Taking a sharp look at the average man's way of life, he urged the government to offer more cultural and recreational activity to occupy the increased leisure time Russians have enjoyed since the five-day week was adopted in 1967. All too often, the extra day off has been devoted largely to drink.



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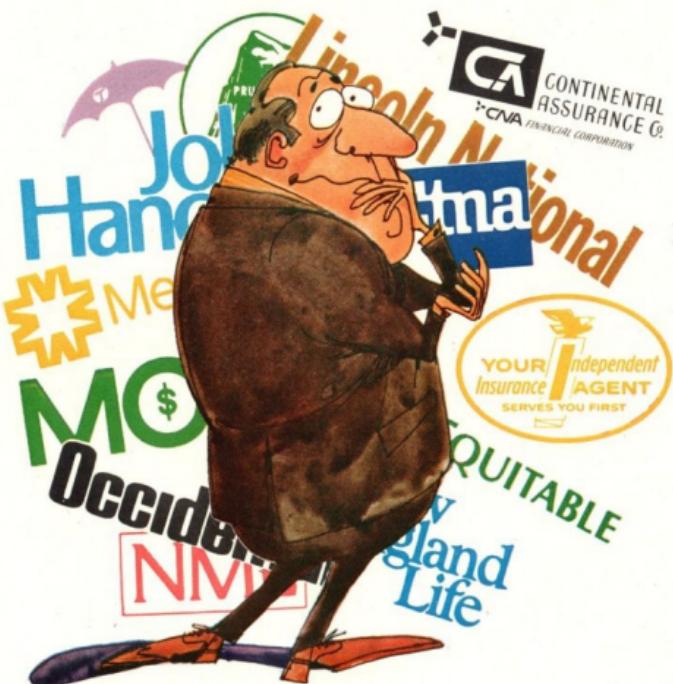
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(But No. 1 with insurance pros)



WORLD TRADE

Ostpolitik with Pipes

Long before Chancellor Willy Brandt began bidding for closer political ties with Communist Eastern Europe, West German Economics Minister Karl Schiller was pursuing a business *Ostpolitik*. Unlike Brandt's diplomacy, which is still in the negotiating stage, it has already produced a solid success. Last week in the Krupp company town of Essen, Schiller and Soviet Foreign Trade Minister Nikolai Patolichov toasted each other with Kupferberg Fürst Bismarck champagne after signing what may be the biggest trade deal ever between the U.S.S.R. and a Western nation.

By the end of 1972, the firms of Mannesmann and Thyssen will deliver 1,200,000 tons of 56-inch steel pipe, designed to withstand extreme cold, to Russia. The Soviets need it for pipelines to open the natural gas reserves of Siberia, the world's richest. In return, the Soviets will send to West Germany 52 billion cubic meters of gas over 20 years, starting in 1973. To enable the Soviets to pay for the pipe before they deliver the gas, a consortium of 17 West German banks will lend them \$328 million at 6.25% interest—practically foreign-aid terms. A West German firm will build a link extending an existing pipeline from the Czechoslovak border town of Cheb into Bavaria.

The deal has major business advantages for both sides. The Soviet gas will help meet the fuel needs of energy-poor southern Germany, and at a lower price than the Germans would have to pay for Dutch gas piped in from North Sea fields to Bavaria. The Germans also hope for other Soviet export outlets; they now speculate about selling trucks and cars to Russia. The Soviets will get a new Western bridgehead for their gas, which they contracted in December to sell also to Italy.

Gradual Thaw. Most important, the pipe-for-gas trade indicates that trade relations between Bonn and Moscow are less and less influenced by the cold war. Seven years ago, the Germans had arranged to sell pipe to the Soviet Union, but the deal was blocked by the NATO strategic-goods embargo. Nikita Khrushchev was so enraged that he thumped his fist on a table and roared: "Even pants buttons can be called strategic goods. How are soldiers to hold their pants up without buttons?"

In another step toward closer East-West trade links, Yugoslavia and the six-nation European Economic Community last week initialed a three-year trade agreement in Brussels. The treaty, the first between the Common Market and an Eastern European country, is expected to increase Yugoslav exports of beef and other products to the Six. More important, the treaty highlights a growing trend of Communist nations to work with the Common Market rather than oppose it.



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS

The feasible, not the desirable.

CYPRUS Approaching Flashpoint

"In the ebb and flow of histories and cultures," Lawrence Durrell once wrote of Cyprus, "it has time and time again been a flashpoint where Aryan and Semite, Christian and Moslem, met in a death-embrace." The legendary island of Aphrodite gained independence from Britain a decade ago. Yet it remains an uneasy homeland to 490,000 Greek Cypriots, most of whom have traditionally espoused *enosis* (union with Greece), and 110,000 Turkish Cypriots, who have long favored partition of the island. In December 1963, savage fighting broke out between the two communities. In November 1967, war between Greece and Turkey over Cyprus was narrowly averted by the mediation of Lyndon Johnson's emissary, former U.S. Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance. Now, a campaign of terrorism again threatens to bring the island to flashpoint.

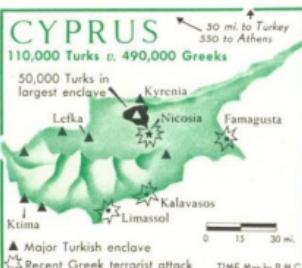
Unrealistic Goal. The latest trouble began on New Year's Eve, when a band of Greek Cypriot fanatics known as the National Front seized 2,500 sticks of dynamite from an iron-pyrites mine

—"enough to blow up every building in Nicosia," according to one newspaper. Soon afterward, bombs began to explode at random points throughout the island (see map), and a police station was seized temporarily. The attacks were aimed not at the Turkish Cypriot community but at the policies of Archbishop Makarios, the island's President. Makarios was re-elected in 1968 on a platform of "a feasible solution rather than the desirable solution"—meaning that he had discarded *enosis* as a practical goal and hoped to turn his anguished island into a unified republic.

A majority of Greek Cypriots has reluctantly accepted the cold truth that Greece's military junta has no desire to risk war with Turkey by supporting an *enosis* movement. Following the 1967 crisis, Greek Premier George Papadopoulos removed 7,000 of the 8,000 troops then based on Cyprus to avoid a showdown. Last month, at Makarios' request, he repudiated the National Front. Makarios then ordered a police crackdown on illegally held arms, and the Cyprus parliament dealt the Front an even stronger blow two weeks ago by passing a law enabling the government to detain suspected terrorists for three months without trial.

A New Generation. The terrorism has placed an added strain on leaders of the Greek and Turkish communities, who have been trying vainly for 19 months to work out a formula for peaceful coexistence. For two years, Turkish Cypriots have been permitted to travel and work throughout the Greek areas. But the dozens of Turkish enclaves scattered across the island, complete with separate schools and public services, remain isolated and economically depressed. While the Greek Cypriot economy flourishes, the Turkish community is forced to support its 20,000 unemployed with annual handouts of \$20 million from the Turkish government. Even more serious, however, is the fact that the communities are drawing farther apart in a process described as "creeping partition"—and the renewed terrorism may accelerate the process. Says Rauf Denktash, president of the Turkish Cypriot Communal Chamber: "Cypriots of my generation at least knew each other. A new generation is growing up in different school systems, without any friends on the other side."

In the face of the government's strength, the National Front pledged to suspend its terrorist activities—and so far has kept its word. Some observers fear, however, that the Front is merely reorganizing for a spring or summer campaign aimed directly at the Turkish Cypriots—a strategy that would almost certainly lead to an invasion by the Turkish army. Said a Western diplomat: "International pressure stopped the Turks from invading in 1967. Nobody would be able to stop them this time."



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one needed its own pair of wires, there'd be so many wires between cities we'd have no place to put them. All of which would not only be impractical. It would also be so expensive that long distance rates would be out of sight.

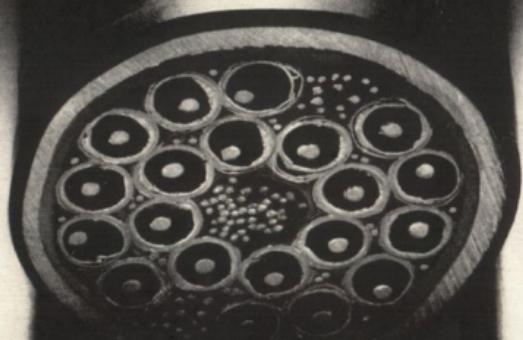
Squeezing more talk into less space is one of the things Western Electric has been working on for a long time, now. It's quite a job, because the more voices you put into a tube, the harder it is to keep them apart.

But at Bell Telephone Laboratories, where nearly everything we make is designed, they're working on equipment that will make that same cable take 81,000 voices. Western Electric will be making it as soon as Bell Labs has designed it.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We also keep your "Hello Harry..." from getting mixed up with "Today's coaxial cable..."



Western Electric



CHAD

The Last Beau Geste

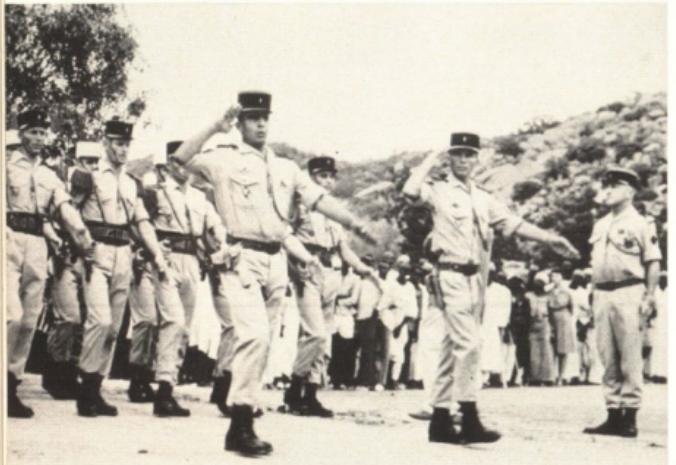
Nigeria's civil war is over, but tribal conflicts continue to plague other African countries, including Kenya, Ethiopia and the Sudan. In Chad, Nigeria's neighbor to the east, an insurrection begun by fierce, nomadic Moslem herdsmen has intensified ancient animosities. It has also led to the reappearance of an old symbol of Africa's colonial past: the white kepis of the French Foreign Legion.

Fighting for the first time since 1961, when France withdrew from Algeria, units of the legion's crack 1st Infantry and 2nd Parachute regiments have been in Chad since last April. The huge, land-

and France, all that matters to the 1,000 legionnaires in Chad is that they are at war once again. TIME Correspondent James Wilde spent five days in the field with them. His report:

It was a hot dry-season afternoon. *Adjutant-Chef* Robert Garros, 34, stopped his Jeep and looked back. A long funnel of dust stretched out behind his platoon's four battered, dun-colored weapons carriers. His 35 legionnaires were tired and filthy, their faces caked with white dust. After a moment, Garros, a muscular barrel of a man with 14 long years of tough service in the legion, raised his arm to signal the advance. With the Jeep in the lead, the four weapons carriers rumbled ahead side by side

PARIS MATCH



LEGIONNAIRES MARCHING IN CHAD
Red tape is the ultimate enemy.

locked former French colony is one of the world's poorest countries, with 3,500,000 people and a yearly per-capita income of \$40. For more than five years, northern Arabs have been ravaging cotton fields and raiding government offices in the south in an effort to topple the corrupt but pro-French regime in Fort-Lamy. Paris is so disturbed by the rebel threat that, as part of its recent Mirage-jet deal, it won Libya's promise not to support the Arab struggle in Chad.

The byzantine politics is not important to France's famed, 139-year-old Foreign Legion. Since Algeria, the colonial force has shrunk from 15,000 to 7,500 men, and it is not even as foreign as it used to be: though more than 25% of the legion are still German, an estimated 20% are French, while Italians, Spaniards, Yugoslavs and others form a polyglot minority. After nine long years of dull garrison duty in Corsica, New Caledonia

and raced over deep elephant tracks into a village of conical straw huts.

Like every other village they had raided that day, the place had been hastily abandoned. Only later, as the platoon moved on across the veldt, was there any firing at all. Toward sundown, Garros spotted a gazelle. "Get her, *adjutant!* Get her!" he shouted. The huge, tattooed second-in-command stood up in the truck behind and dropped the graceful animal with a single shot at 400 meters.

Luxury Kills. In an effort called *Opération Coccinelle* (Ladybird), five companies of legionnaires are sweeping a 4,000-sq.-mi. area near the Sudanese border, looking for rebel bands heading south in search of water. At day's end, Garros set up an ambush around one of the major water routes. The setting sun, red with dust, soon grazed the horizon like a biblical omen in the sky. A few seconds later it was night; there is

no twilight in Africa, and darkness comes as unexpectedly as death.

The only surprise that evening was supper—freshly killed gazelle, plus a vintage Bordeaux and chilled Mercier 1962 *brut*. The wines had been air-dropped by helicopter. Garros was rather embarrassed. "To be effective," he says, a legionnaire "must be cold, hungry and miserable. Luxury kills faster than bullets."

Garros' sector, just south of the Sahara, is occupied by descendants of the same Moslem fanatics who killed General Charles George ("Chinese") Gordon in Khartoum 85 years ago. A Sudan-based outfit called the Chad National Liberation Front (FROLINAT) claims credit for the current insurrection. French-educated François Tombalbaye, the only President this ten-year-old country has ever had, dismisses the insurgency as mere banditry. In fact, it has racial and religious overtones. Moslem emirates in the north ruled Chad before the French conquest, and the black, predominantly Christian Sara tribesmen in the south were their servants. The Arab herdsmen, who never adapted to French rule, are trying to overthrow their former slaves, who managed to adapt very well.

In resurrecting the legion, Paris apparently acted out of fear that if a pan-Islamic force gained sway in Chad, there would be trouble in other former French colonies on Chad's border—Niger, the Central African Republic and Cameroun. Backed mainly by the Saras, who account for just 17% of the population, Tombalbaye's one-party dictatorship was near collapse when he asked for French troops under a defense pact with Paris. The French garrison at Fort-Lamy was increased to 2,000 infantry, marines and air force men, but the legionnaires have handled most of the fighting. Since April, they claim to have lost three men while slaying some 1,500 rebels.

Magic Amulets. Many of the rebels are hawk-nosed Toubou bandits from the mountains of Tibesti, where, legend has it, the wind is born. Others are wild-haired southern and eastern Islamic warriors bent on holy war, who carry amulets to ward off bullets. Though some of them wear only loincloths, there are usually a few in each band who wear immaculate white robes and ride Arab stallions. One man in ten has a gun; the rest fight with spears or bows and arrows—for which Garros has considerable respect. "They killed a lion the other day with a poisoned arrow," he said, "and it took only ten seconds to die."

It is doubtful that the Chad campaign will revive the old legion cry: "Vive la mort, vive la guerre, vive la Légion Etrangère." Many legionnaires consider the campaign a temporary reprieve for a fading outfit. "The Viet Cong tried to kill us, and so did the Algerians and the French high command," said one veteran. "But in the end, red tape will get us. This may be our last beau geste." Said Garros: "We're damned glad to be here."



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FRANCE

Too Well Loved

"Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?" As far as a Paris criminal court is concerned, the answer to Alexander Pope's question seems to be yes. For four years, red-haired Anne-Marie Di Tomazo, 30, and wealthy Paul Lozada, 42, were lovers. Five years ago, urged on by his wife, Lozada broke off the affair. Was Anne-Marie ready to give him up? Far from it. As Lozada described it in a legal complaint: "She pursued me in her car from my house to my office and vice versa." On Sundays, she sat behind the Lozadas in church. Once, she provoked a collision with Paul's car.

Haled into court on charges of harassment and moral violence, Anne-Marie admitted phoning the Lozada home six or eight times a week "to hear his voice." Amused but unmoved, the court convicted her of "injuring with premeditation," gave her a four-month suspended sentence, fined her \$180 and ordered her to pay her ex-lover a similar sum. Lamented Anne-Marie's lawyer: "How low love has fallen in the land of love." Not all that low. As of last week, Anne-Marie was talking seriously about moving to a house just 200 yards from Lozada's in the fashionable Paris suburb of Neuilly. "She is determined to start all over again with Paul," her lawyer reported.

The Corsican Caper

IT WAS A DRUNKEN BALLOT, one newspaper headlined. PEOPLE SAW DOUBLE. And, in some cases, triple. With 4,303 registered voters in the little Corsican town of Corte, no fewer than 9,647 ballots were cast in a town council election last week. The total was something of a record, even for Corsica, where ballot boxes are called *boîtes à surprises* (surprise boxes), and electoral mischief is an honored tradition. Last week's election was held, for example, because a Nice court, citing "voting irregularities," had ruled the 1967 balloting null and void. And that 1967 election was held because the courts had been equally skeptical of the 1965 vote.

In Corte's latest escapade, one of the two voting places was controlled by the incumbents, a Socialist-led coalition, the other by Gaullists. Each group threw out the opposition's vote watchers. Free to "count" their votes in peace, the Gaullists foolishly contented themselves with 4,260 votes, 43 fewer than the total of registered voters. Their opposition took no such chance; they came in with 4,965 votes, a comfortable 662 more than the number of legal voters. The real winners? No one will know until the Nice court ponders the case of Corte's overzealous voters once again. Meanwhile, because French law dictates that the temporary winners should hold power, the anti-Gaullists will remain in office until a decision is made.

COSTA RICA

Don Pepe's Return

There is no denying that Costa Rica is a republic, or that it grows a lot of bananas. But the tiny Central American country (19,650 sq. mi. and 1,700,000 people) is a far cry from a banana republic. It is not run by a gaudily uniformed strongman backed by a well-equipped little army. It does not even have an army; the last one was disbanded in 1948. When Lyndon Johnson visited the country in 1968, the Costa Ricans had to borrow a cannon from Panama so that they could give him the customary 21-gun salute.

What Costa Rica does have, however, is the highest literacy rate (85%) and the second highest per capita annual in-



FIGUERES WAVING BROOM

Minis work better than machine guns.

come in Central America (\$450 v. an average \$300). It also has an enviable record—not quite unbroken but still impressive—of free and democratic elections. Last week, for the fourth time in a row, the Costa Rican electorate peacefully voted out the party in power. As usual, the 2,000-man police force stayed quietly in the background; the most noteworthy figures at polling places belonged to pretty girls in miniskirts who were on hand to assist voters.

The Dwarf. In a region increasingly dominated by dictatorship and plagued by the sort of border skirmishes that broke out anew between El Salvador and Honduras last week, what makes Costa Rica different? Partly, there is its enduring system of small landholdings—caused by the absence of a large Indian labor force—which from the earliest colonial times produced a strong, propertied middle class. (Large landholdings did not come into being until the second half of the 19th century, when coffee became the major export

crop.) Then, too, there is Costa Rica's historical preoccupation with education, which resulted in a free primary school system as early as 1853. This continuing commitment is reflected in a national budget that currently devotes more than 33% of its \$132 million total to schooling, v. only 4% to the police and defense. Border problems have been few—thus there is little need for an army. Finally, there is the character of the man who last week emerged as Costa Rica's once and future President: José Figueres Ferrer, 63.

"Don Pepe" Figueres—sometimes called *El Enano* (the dwarf) because he stands only 5 ft. 3 in.—is the grand old man of Latin America's democratic left. In the small band of democratic reformers (including Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt, the Dominican Republic's Juan Bosch, Peru's Raúl Haya de la Torre) who only recently seemed to be Latin America's best hope for nonviolent change, he remains one of the few effective survivors.

Dived Road. A one-time M.I.T. student whose heroes range from Bolívar and Lincoln to Don Quixote, Don Pepe has led his country twice before. In 1948, when the Costa Rican army and Communist-led commandos sought to prevent a newly elected government from assuming power, Don Pepe routed them with a ragtag 700-man army. He took control at the head of a junta, and in the next 18 months he dissolved the army, expanded social-welfare programs, gave women the vote and nationalized the banks. Then, by prior agreement, he stepped aside in favor of the man whose election had led to the attempted coup in 1948, Otilio Ulate. Four years later, Figueres was elected to a presidential term of his own. In 1958, he retired to his ranch-style home near San José, where he still lives with his blonde U.S.-born second wife Karen and their four children.

In his comeback attempt, Don Pepe delivered 805 speeches in eleven months and visited every town in the country. That performance was a wholly convincing reply to the young critics who questioned his vigor. Of his four opponents, his chief adversary was Mario Echandi Jiménez, another ex-President (1958-62), who accused Don Pepe and his National Liberation Party of Communist leanings. "I am not going to take anything from anybody who has struggled up the economic ladder," said the conservative Echandi. By contrast, Don Pepe directed his campaign to the problems of "the submerged third"—the urban unemployed and rural poor suffering from eleven years of depressed coffee prices. "Listen to me," Don Pepe warned his countrymen. "We are going to be another Guatemala if we don't do something now. We stand where the road divides: we head for true democracy, social democracy, or chaos." Costa Ricans listened. Don Pepe received 294,000 votes against a total of 221,000 for all four of his opponents.

PEOPLE

Fairly good reviews for his "subversive comedy," *Sheep on the Runway*, may have launched a playwright's career for Columnist **Art Buchwald** (see THE THEATER). Meanwhile, cocktail conversation in New York and Washington is centered on *Sheep's* catalyst, Joseph Mayflower, played by **Martin Gobel**. Could Mayflower, a superhawk newsman who drinks only bottled water and claims *Is Peace Inevitable?* among his writing credits, possibly be a parody of Pundit Joseph Alsop? Buchwald denies it unconvincedly, but Alsop seems to think so. "If Joe's still angry after the run," suggests the humorist, "we'll meet some foggy dawn on the Ellipse behind the White House. Captured enemy documents at 50 paces."

Proceeds from his memoirs, *Ein Leben (A Life)*, have helped Heartbreaker and Transplanter **Christiaan Barnard** to entertain his beautiful young fiancée in jet-set elegance. But the woman scorned, ex-Wife **Louwtje Barnard**, 47, says those memoirs occasionally lapse into pure—or impure—invention. For instance, Barnard's recollection that he had left his wife's bed on their wedding night and watched a televised boxing match instead. Louwtje told reporters in Munich that the surgeon "never was a gentleman," adding, "but I always was a lady." She had a final warning for her ex: "You can't become a playboy and a scientist at the same time. One has to give."

A military string ensemble pumped out the *dansant* tunes in the ballroom

at Buckingham Palace as Master *Farewell* **Noel Coward**, 70, was dubbed a knight of the realm. In a simple, almost offhand ceremony, the entertainer knelt on a small stool and took a sword tap on each shoulder ("very lightly, thank goodness," he said later) from Queen Elizabeth II, who wore street clothes. "The Queen was absolutely charming," Coward told newsmen. "She always is. I've known her since she was a little girl." Then Sir Noel strolled off with a lady on each arm, wearing a rakishly tilted top hat and his new knighthood very lightly, thank goodness.

A romantic oval portrait that makes **Tricia** and **Julie Nixon** look like teenage heroines of a Victorian novel won approval from their White House par-

MARIO CRISOLIS—PLAYBOY



BARBARA

Uncovered at last.

tered in a film career, she changed her mind." Obviously, it pays to choose your fiancés.

"Once they got their knickers off, I said 'Fine, now do something clever.' But they didn't." That was **Sir Robert Helpmann**'s critique of *Oh! Calcutta!* Arriving for an engagement in his native Australia, the dancing knight of London's Royal Ballet was eager to treat a group of Down Under newsmen to his impressions of New York's latest word in nude theater. "Dirty, smutty and boring," judged Helpmann, 60. Did he think the nude mood could ever spread to ballet? "Oh, no, no, no!" he protested, recoiling in mock horror. "I mean there are certain parts of the male and female anatomy which don't stop swinging when the music does. Think how disconcerting for the orchestra. They'd have to add an extra 'plonk'."

A scant 48 hours with the Nixons in Washington were enough to open the sluices of homesickness for Poetaster **Mary Wilson**, 53, who was once (some say in jest) nominated for the chair of poetry at Oxford. Shortly after returning to England with her husband, the Prime Minister's wife made a guest appearance on BBC radio's *Open House* hour and misted some British eyes by reciting a bit of original verse entitled *I Am Returning Home*. To wit:

. . . They are cleaning Lord Nelson
Against the grey sky
He stares with both eyes
As the buses grind by.
The blackbird and thrush
Are beginning to sing
And in London, in England
It soon will be spring.



TRICIA & JULIE
Oval teens.

ents. "It's so sweet," said **Pot**. The artist, Mississippian Marshall Bouldin, explained that he found the girls' dominant aura one of "wholesomeness and cleanliness" and that he had tried to express this in the painting. To which **President Nixon** replied, grinning: "They're wholesome and clean-cut, but they're oval, not square."

"How did a nice girl like you get into this business?" reads the caption under one of the eight photos that make up Barbara Benton's "uncoverage" in the March issue of *Playboy*. It could be the company she keeps. Barbi, a beguiling blonde, is the constant companion and consort-designate of Maximum Playboy Hugh Hefner ("The first time I've ever been in love"). When *Playboy's* publisher first met his Barbi doll, she was a student at U.C.L.A. and had "no interest whatsoever in any kind of a nude feature. When she became in-



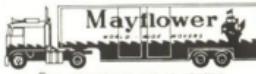
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BEHAVIOR

The Junior Junkie

On Coney Island's Mermaid Avenue, New York City police break up a thriving sidewalk traffic in heroin. The pushers: three boys, aged 15, 13 and 11, whose sales averaged \$900 a week. The daughter of a Manhattan psychiatrist, located at the far end of a drug spree, boasts to newsmen: "I take hash, pot, LSD, heroin, speed—anything I can get." She is twelve. In Hollywood, a boy of eleven who has been pushing "ups" (amphetamine and methedrine pills) and "downs" (barbiturates, tranquilizers) since he was nine, is found out by his parents and locked in his bedroom. Through a window, he transacts business as usual.

These are not isolated examples of drug abuse by the very young. They can be multiplied many times over, and they add a frightening new dimension to the newly evolving drug society. What was once the quick trip to oblivion for the hopeless and despairing ghetto dweller has become the quick kick of the children of middle-class America. More ominously, a few of the neophyte users, some of them still short of their teens, are flirting not just with nonaddictive drugs but also with those that can hook and kill. Says Sociologist William Simon of the Illinois Institute for Juvenile Research: "Even in the neighborhoods of the silent majority, there has been a staggering increase in the use of drugs."

The evidence appears to bear Simon out. In a survey conducted recently at a girls' high school in New York City, 8% of the students confessed—perhaps boastfully—to being heroin addicts; in the eleventh grade alone, 58% of the girls said they were multiple drug us-

ers. Last year in New York City, where many national trends begin, heroin killed 224 teen-agers, 55 of them 16 or under. The youngest victim was twelve. Authorities predict that heroin's death toll among teens and pre-teens in New York will reach one a day in 1970.

The problem is of staggering proportions. Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, founder and psychiatric director of New York's Odyssey House, a rehabilitation center for drug addicts, calls it an epidemic. The first young heroin users began appearing at her clinic only last June, she says. Today the traffic is more than Odyssey House can handle—four to six junior junkies every day. To accommodate the overflow, Dr. Densen-Gerber has opened two branches solely for youthful addicts. One of her first applicants: a nine-year-old boy.

In experimenting with drugs, the very young have only adopted a practice common among teen-agers. They join their older brothers and sisters in using drugs to flee from a world they do not like and feel helpless to change. "What the young in some cases want," say Sociologists Simon and John H. Gagnon in a jointly written paper, "and what appears to adults as unreasonable, is that the prize be located at the top of the Cracker Jack box, not at the bottom." Another attraction, they add, is that drugs can screen out reality and allow the youthful user to withdraw to the private sanctuary of his self.

In this quest, more and more pre-teens are exploring the fantasy landscapes produced by heroin. Its sudden popularity, says Dr. Michael Baden, associate medical examiner for New York City, is related to the success of Operation Intercept, the Administration's recent cam-

RARREN JORGENSEN—FETHE



YOUTHFUL DRUG ADDICTS AT ODYSSEY HOUSE
The prize at the top of the box.

paign to stem the tide of marijuana flowing across the Mexican border (TIME, Sept. 26). As the supply of pot dwindled and the price rose, heroin pushers dropped their price to within reach of even modest pre-teen allowances.

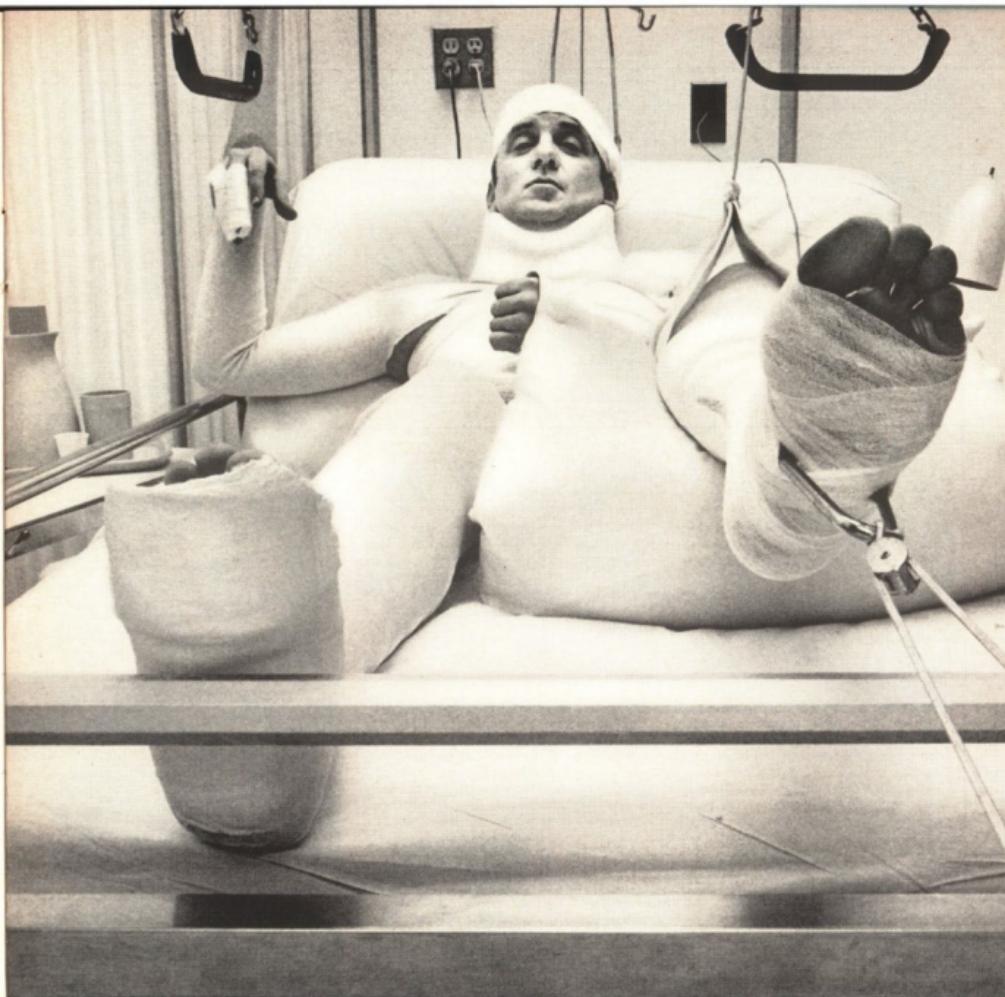
The very dangers of heroin appeal to young users. Youth is a time of chance-taking. The bold can persuade themselves that they are immune from the risk of addiction. To the boldest, heroin offers the same thrilling opportunity as Russian roulette: a joust with death.

Sociologists Simon and Gagnon take issue with some authorities who insist that youthful addicts can emerge unharmed from their encounter with narcotics. "The real danger," they write, "is that they will lose a sense of their real capacity for experience and that they will abandon claims for an influential role in the collective enterprise of the society. Their future will become a progressive drift toward a totally privatized existence."

Unequipped to Cope. The adult society that bred this problem—and, by example, still encourages it—is unequipped to cope with it. No machinery exists even to measure the incidence of youthful drug use, much less to control it. There are scarcely any treatment centers in the country exclusively for youthful addicts. In New York City, petty-minded authorities are trying to close one of them. This month in court, Dr. Densen-Gerber will defend Odyssey House against charges of operating without a license and violating the building code.

Sociologists Simon and Gagnon suggest that as a first step toward solving the problem, adult society must admit its own responsibility: "Both the actual miracle and the myth of modern medicine have made the use of drugs highly legitimate, as something to be taken casually and not only during moments of acute and certified distress. Our children, in being casual about drugs, far from being in revolt against an older generation, may in fact be acknowledging how influential a model that generation was."

Society must recognize as well that the child drug user is the casualty of great and upsetting social change. In one sense, says Clinical Psychologist Stephen Rush of the Los Angeles Free Clinic, he has become a displaced person in a culture that his grandfather would not recognize—or much care for, either. Parental permissiveness, the growing conviction that the young and old generations have lost contact—such factors erode the old-fashioned family solidarity that once granted children a comforting sense of place. "The real solution," says Rush, "is in finding ways for young people to become active members of our civilization." That is a tall order, one that uncounted generations of discipline-minded parents have been unable to fulfill. By turning to drugs as one antidote to the shortcomings they see in adult society, today's young have made the solution far more difficult than it has ever been before.



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Personal Privacy v. the Print-Out

EXCEPT for the very rich, physical privacy is rapidly becoming an almost unobtainable luxury. In today's crowded cities, the paper-thin walls of offices and apartments expose not only the quarrels of modern man but even his yawns. He is observed by hidden cameras when he shops. This year, 12 million U.S. citizens will face the possibility of a \$100 fine and/or 60 days in jail if they refuse to answer certain questions about their income and job on the 1970 census. Although a developing body of law has begun to establish the rights and wrongs of wiretapping and bugging, modern technology provides Government agencies and others with ever more subtle and delicate means of surveillance. Legislatures and courts have hardly begun to deal with what may soon prove to be the greatest threat to man's "right to be let alone," as Louis Brandeis once described it. The threat is modern information-processing techniques, most notably that ubiquitous tool of post-industrial society, the computer.

Moral Capital

Political Scientist Alan F. Westin of Columbia University defines privacy as the right "to determine what information about ourselves we will share with others." In certain primitive tribes, people will not give their names to strangers for fear that they will thereby surrender part of themselves. Foolish as the custom may seem to modern man, it has a point: an individual's information about himself represents a large part of what Harvard Law Professor Charles Fried calls his "moral capital." Some of this information, by right and necessity, he wants to keep to himself. Some of it he will share with his family and friends, some he will admit—often willingly, often reluctantly—to the impersonal organizations he must deal with in daily life. Westin argues that an attack on a man's ability to control what is known about him represents basic assault on his humanity; to the extent that it is successful, it limits his freedom to be himself.

What makes this trespass on self possible is the fact that a man's life today is largely defined and described by written records, many of which remain potentially available to outsiders. Schools take careful note of his intelligence and keep a detailed record of his academic achievement. His doctors have files on his health; his psychiatrist, if he has one, takes notes on his inner turmoil, his secret fears. Banks, credit-card companies and the Internal Revenue Service know almost everything about his income and financial status. Once he has ever served in the military or worked for a defense contractor, the Govern-

ment knows a fair amount about his family and political associations. If he has moved recently, the storage companies have an inventory of his belongings. If he has ever been charged with a felony, the FBI probably has his fingerprints and often his photograph.

At present, much of this information is scattered over dozens of locations, divided among a host of different agencies. But what if, in the interests of national efficiency, the file keepers of the nation stored their separate masses of data in one gigantic computer bank? What if the recorded lives of millions of Americans were turned into an open book—or, more precisely, an open computer printout, available to anyone who knows how to punch the proper keys? That, in fact, is what may happen in the next few years. Four years ago, a Budget Bureau task force recommended that the Federal Government establish a National Data Center for the common use of its many agencies. Under this plan, the Government's 3 billion "person-records" that have been compiled by such agencies as the IRS and the FBI would be consolidated and computerized.

Although Congress so far has been cool to the federal data-bank idea, it has appropriated funds to help set up limited versions of it in several states; in California, for example, all of the state's records regarding social services such as welfare, medical care, rehabilitation and employment are scheduled to be computerized by 1973. The data-bank idea, moreover, has already been put into being by private business. The life insurance industry has cooperatively established a firm called the Medical Information Bureau, which operates from unlisted offices in five cities, and keeps files on 11 million people who have applied for life insurance. The files contain, among other things, information on the applicant's medical condition, travels, driving record, drinking habits, and even his extramarital affairs. The 2,200 credit-investigating firms that belong to Associated Credit Bureaus Inc., together have (and trade) information on 100 million people who have applied for credit in department stores and elsewhere.

Age of Exhibitionism

Americans offer surprisingly little resistance to surrendering information about themselves. Giving up personal details is regarded by most people as a fair trade for convenience. Shoppers who like the idea of buying something with checkbooks and credit cards can hardly expect to keep their financial resources or their spending habits a total secret. Even Hollywood's ageless glamour girls have to trade a birth date (al-

though not necessarily the real one) for a passport. And convenient or not, almost everyone acknowledges the right of the Government to know a lot about its citizens.

Nonetheless, experts in the field of privacy fear that people have become much too indifferent about protecting personal facts that once were considered nobody's business. Crusading Washington

HENRI DAUMAN



DATA PROCESSORS IN BALTIMORE

Lawyer John Banzhaf III complains about the unseemly curiosity that investigators show in interviewing the acquaintances of prospective insurance and credit customers. Sample question: "Do you have any criticism of the character or morals of any member of the family?" But Banzhaf also puts part of the blame on an acquiescent public: "Isn't the consumer too willing to reveal personal details for a dubious credit advantage? Isn't there too little resistance to questions?"

In a sense, the modern willingness to

surrender personal information may simply be another characteristic of an age that applauds exhibitionism and encourages communal experience. Patients who once confided their psychic secrets to an analyst in the privacy of his office now act out their problems and discuss them explicitly amidst group therapy. Among American Roman Catholics, private confession is gradually falling into disuse. Thousands of people have tried to escape from the impersonality of modern life by banding together in communes—a tribal form of society that rather drastically alters an individual's prospects of privacy.

That urban pessimist, Henry Adams, believed that the dynamo in America had taken the place of medieval man's Virgin as the symbol of power; very possibly, the unblinking, all-knowing computer may come to serve as the moral equivalent of a god figure in a world society of electronic tribalism. Nevertheless, legal experts in the field fear that Americans, in their blithe acceptance of technological inevitability, have failed to consider the broader implications of allowing information about themselves to accumulate so easily. One result is that it is becoming harder and harder for people to escape from the mistakes of their past, to move in search of a second chance. The creation of a national data bank could make it virtually impossible. Worse still is the danger of misinformation. An item of information wrongly added or omitted from tomorrow's total-recall data banks might ruin a reputation in minutes. Government and industrial prying into political opinions could produce a generation of cowed conformists.

More than Registrars

Columbia's Westin believes that one vital way to save Americans from becoming the victims of their own records is to create laws protecting a man's "data being" just as carefully as present statutes guard his physical being. He echoes authorities as far back as Blackstone in contending that "the greatest single legal safeguard to freedom has been the writ of habeas corpus." Westin suggests the creation of a "writ of habeas data," which would guarantee that personal information held by the authorities would see the light of a courtroom before it could be used.

At the very least, an individual should have the right to view publicly held information about himself and be allowed to correct errors in it. Technology's computer programmers are potentially far more than the ancient town registrars brought up to date. Before too long, some distant automated authority may know more about a citizen than the citizen himself. Inevitable, perhaps. But it is an additional reason why modern man fights ever harder for some space inside himself to call his own, beyond the encroaching outside world.



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EDUCATION

Columbia Gets Its Man

"My God, I'm glad it's over," said Columbia University Chemistry Professor Ronald C. D. Breslow as he hoisted a laboratory beaker full of champagne last week. Breslow was toasting the fact that after a frustrating 18-month search, Columbia had finally found a permanent successor to Grayson Kirk, who resigned the presidency in 1968 following violent campus disorders. The man who has agreed to take over from Interim President Andrew Cordier next fall: William J. McGill, 47, chancellor of the University of California at San Diego.

For McGill, the trip east will be a homecoming. Born in The Bronx, he worked his way through Fordham University, graduating as a member of Phi Beta Kappa in 1943. After earning his doctorate from Harvard, he joined the Columbia faculty and rose to become chairman of the psychology department. Five years ago, convinced that Columbia was headed downhill and uneasy about the university's tense relations with its ghetto neighbors, McGill went to the new campus at San Diego. "I reflected on what kind of revenge society could take against an institution for ignoring its environment," he says now. "Instead of protesting, I left."

Big Jump. At San Diego, McGill earned the reputation of being a tough but tolerant referee, one whose jovial personality enabled him to walk the tightrope between conservatives on the university's board of regents and in the San Diego community on the one hand and his own liberal campus on the other. "I'm a gentle soul, but my skin is thick," he says.

His decision to reappoint Radical Philosopher Herbert Marcuse to the San Diego faculty outraged local American Legionnaires, brought insistent demands for McGill's ouster and prompted the regents to assume veto power over faculty tenure appointments throughout the nine-campus University of California system. McGill rode out the storm. "There will be no inquisition aimed at political heretics while I am chancellor," he assured his friends.

A stocky, crew-cut Roman Catholic, McGill will be the first non-Protestant president in Columbia's 216-year history. He returns to the campus on Harlem's border with the unanimous approval of the university's board of trustees and the support of the student-faculty search committee. "He's no superstar, but I think that's in his favor," says Fred Friendly, professor of journalism and a search committee member. "It's a big jump from San Diego to Morningside Heights, but this man has his priorities right."

One of the highest of the hurdles McGill must clear if he is to succeed at Columbia is financial. This year the uni-

versity is suffering from an \$11 million budget deficit. Another serious problem will be Columbia's relations with the surrounding community. Rapport was badly ruptured when Columbia attempted to put up a gym on park land, the move that ignited the 1968 riot. A considerable residue of hostility must still be dealt with. Neighborhood residents have long had reason to worry that the university might evict them to make way for expansion. Now they have an additional concern. Columbia is planning to start up an on-campus nuclear reactor—despite the

TED LAU



McGILL

All the right priorities.

protests of citizens who fear the possibility of radiation and explosion.

McGill puts a good-neighbor policy on his agenda. "The most important thing is for us to become very valuable to the community," he says. Among other things, he plans to investigate how Columbia's schools of medicine, law, architecture and social work can become competent to deal effectively with the urban environment. High-rise construction, he believes, might provide the way for Columbia to satisfy its needs for expansion without encroaching on the community.

As for student radicalism, McGill says: "Our problem is not the handful of destructive revolutionaries in our midst. It is the mass of alienated students eager to be raped if only the radicals can develop an issue to suit them." Obviously, McGill's presence will not stop Columbia's radicals from attempting further assaults. But the fact that students actively participated in the search committee's hunt for a new president at least starts him off with the proper sort of imprimatur.

Black Studies in Trouble

Should black studies programs stress historical and cultural subjects or satirize the militants' craving for "revolutionary relevance"? Who should control them, the students, the faculty or the administration? These now-familiar issues have troubled the new programs everywhere that they are offered (TIME, Jan. 26). In California alone, friction between administrators, faculty members and black students has resulted in the resignations of department chairmen at both the Los Angeles and Santa Barbara campuses of the University of California; President S. I. Hayakawa has been at constant odds with the department at San Francisco State and has been threatening to close it down.

Last week Chancellor Ivan Hinderaker of the University of California at Riverside beat Hayakawa to the punch. Summoning the faculty to an emergency meeting, Hinderaker announced that he was dissolving Riverside's six-month-old department of black studies.

Yes or No. The program began peacefully enough last fall, when many of Riverside's 180 black and 5,180 white students enrolled in the six courses offered. The trouble began in the middle of the fall quarter after leadership of the Black Students Union changed hands. The new leaders asked Hinderaker for \$100,000 with which to recruit 450 new black students to be admitted next September at the sole discretion of the B.S.U. Pressed for an immediate yes or no answer, the chancellor demurred.

Subsequently, he said, B.S.U. leaders turned to "tactics of threat and coercion" that resulted in the humiliation of Maurice Jackson, the department head. Jackson, a black, quit Riverside after signing a statement giving the B.S.U. central committee broad veto powers over the hiring of the black studies professors and administrators.

"I am committed to helping correct the gross imbalance in the proportion of minority students who are in the mainstream of higher education," Hinderaker told the faculty. But to surrender to the B.S.U. demands, he argued, would set a destructive precedent.

The chancellor's dramatic announcement, in which he said that the black studies courses would be distributed among several academic departments, drew loud applause from the faculty. Representatives of the B.S.U. met with Hinderaker the next day to demand that the department be reinstated. Nonetheless, some of them seemed to be having second thoughts. "We think perhaps we made a mistake by demanding veto power too soon," said Booker McCain, a member of the B.S.U. central committee. "We have decided to make a retreat for the time being." Preparing for the worst all the same, Hinderaker rescinded Riverside's policy of permitting students to demonstrate inside campus buildings.

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SCIENCE

Research Crisis: Cutting Off the Plant at the Roots

Scientific activity cannot be turned on and off like a faucet.

—Richard M. Nixon

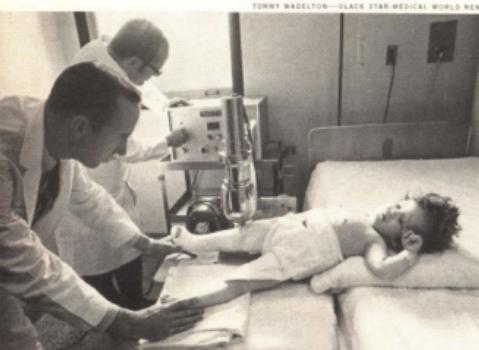
It was a campaign statement, delivered in a speech on Oct. 5, 1968, and made a point that is no less true today. Yet now, in the near-unanimous opinion of U.S. scientists, President Nixon is ignoring what Candidate Nixon said. At a time when drastic, all-around budget trimming is obviously necessary—confronting the Administration with some painful choices—sensible scientists do not expect research appropriations to keep growing at the beanstalk rate

transplants and spaceships. Government budget makers who try to judge a program's worth by the crude criterion "How soon will it pay off?" are bound to be wrong much of the time.

So-called basic research in the U.S. mushroomed after the Soviets' first Sputnik in 1957. From 1958 through 1965, federal expenditures for basic research increased at an annual rate of 19%, climbing from \$1 billion to \$3 billion. For the next five years, however, the average increase was only 5.5%—boosting the annual sum to its present \$4 billion—and that has been barely enough to keep up with inflation.

hardware: a \$35,000 electron microscope given by New York City to New York University's department of medicine. It is lying idle because operating funds expected from the National Institutes of Health will not, after all, be supplied.

At the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, Dr. Herbert Friedman, one of the world's foremost X-ray astronomers, estimates that budget cuts combined with inflation have reduced the effective level of his support by 40% in three years. Able to afford only half as many trainees as he had expected and with no new equipment,



CHECKING BONE CALCIUM AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY

In the name of economy, a slice into muscle.

of the early 1960s, but they have hoped to maintain reasonable, normal growth. Instead, they have suffered cutbacks and hold-downs for two years, and now the Administration has submitted a budget that, despite rising costs, will keep the level of federal spending for research virtually unchanged through June 1971. As a result, some important programs will be cut down severely or actually eliminated. The net effect, says Physicist Philip H. Abelson, editor of *Science*, has been harshly called a "mindless dismantling of American science."

According to Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, the President's science adviser, the overall effect of the new budget, after allowing for inflation, will be to reduce net buying power for research by about 3%. Others think the reduction will be much greater—in some cases as much as 20% in areas of fundamental scientific research that offer no immediate, practical payoffs. This is generally called "basic research," a favorite target of administrators and legislators with little patience and less vision. Out of apparently aimless inquiries have come antibiotics and transistors, vaccines and computers,

For the coming fiscal year the percentage increase is near zero—hence the net loss after inflation. Some institutions hope to keep their key programs coasting on tighter budgets. Others will simply be shut down.

Breeder Reactor. One casualty is the Princeton-Pennsylvania proton synchrotron on the Princeton campus, which is used for basic particle research by 14 universities. From a recent budget of \$5,000,000 annually, the synchrotron funds have now been cut to \$3.5 million, and will be down to \$2,000,000 next year. Beyond that the Atomic Energy Commission is cutting off funds completely—after a total investment of \$30 million on a project that, according to Director Milton White, has not yet had a chance to reach its peak efficiency. Another important tool for probing the secrets of the atom, the Cambridge Electron Accelerator at Harvard University, is in jeopardy: its budget has been cut 25%. "This," says M.I.T. Professor Victor Weisskopf, "essentially means that it will go out of business." Budget cuts have already paralyzed a less costly but still formidable piece of



PRINCETON PROTON SYNCHROTRON

Friedman has drastically curtailed his studies of X-ray galaxies. He has also reduced his work on quasars and pulsars, those mysterious sources of energy in outer space that promise not only a clearer understanding of the nature of the universe and of basic physical laws but also might provide clues for developing new energy sources on earth.

Although scientists complain that the Atomic Energy Commission, along with the Department of Defense and NASA, gets a disproportionate share of federal research funds, the AEC itself has had to shut down its molten-salt breeder reactor at Oak Ridge. The Bureau of the Budget simply did not release \$3,000,000 authorized for it by Congress. This was especially dismaying to environmentalists, because the breeder reactor promises, eventually, to be the cleanest and most efficient fuel source for electric power.

Barnacles and Teeth. Until recently, the Department of Defense generously funded research projects that had no foreseeable military applications. That will no longer be possible. An amendment attached to a military procurement

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bill by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield requires that research must be "mission-oriented" if it is to win DOD support. Mansfield learned 1) that researchers were trying to ferret out the magically strong adhesive produced by barnacles, in the hope of using it to secure fillings in teeth, and 2) that the Navy was backing barnacle research. Actually, barnacle-tooth research at the University of Akron has been funded, at a mere \$40,000 a year, not by DOD but by the National Institutes of Health. The Navy has spent probably twice as much on its own barnacle research, and with good reason: scraping the adhesive crustaceans from hulls and buoys costs the Navy, Coast Guard and private shipping interests \$700 million a year.

Mansfield's action points up the interlocking of many facets of research. Advances in the design of nuclear reactors and of particle accelerators have brought progress in the treatment of cancer. Vitallium alloy, developed in the 1930s for dentures, later proved valuable for its heat resistance in jet engines. Immunology depends ultimately upon the study of reactions among protein molecules. Its applications extend from the obvious field of infectious diseases and vaccination to allergies, autoimmune disorders like some forms of arthritis, to cancer, heart and kidney disease, and most dramatically, to organ transplants.

Cuts and Nibbles. Within medicine, research cannot be separated from teaching and treatment. Cuts in federal grants to medical institutions mean not only that research will be slowed down but also that fewer doctors will receive the specialized training that will enable them to give better care in the future. No fewer than 19 clinical research centers affiliated with major universities are due to be shut down. Among them: a small and always overtaxed unit at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, for children with severe digestive and metabolic problems; a twelve-bed center for acutely ill patients (including many suffering from burns) at Albert Einstein Medical Center in New York; a research institute at Indiana University, studying and treating patients (including children) with brain tumors and disorders of bone metabolism such as osteoporosis.

Prestige is no protection against the budgeteers' knives. Recent Nobel laureates in medicine, chemistry and physics have had their funds cut. So have most of the nation's great medical centers. Programs at Massachusetts General Hospital are "only being nibbled at" now, admits its tart-tongued director, Dr. John Knowles. "But," he adds, "we'll really feel it in a year if the cutbacks continue, and if they go on too long you are going to wing the country for ten years." One of the affected M.G.H. programs turned out technicians trained to read electroencephalograms (brain-wave recordings). These specialists are in short supply at many hospitals. "When there's

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a shortage," says Dr. Robert Schwab, who runs M.G.H.'s program, "it doesn't mean that the EEGs are not read. It simply means that they are read by somebody who's no good. This is scandalous and dangerous." Another nibble victim, down the corridor, is Dr. Paul S. Russell, a top surgeon at M.G.H., whose research on antilymphocyte globulin (used to suppress the rejection reaction after heart, kidney and liver transplants) has been curtailed. Under current limitations, his staff can produce only 20% of the ALG it needs.

A lower budget forced Children's Hospital in Los Angeles to reduce the number of research beds from six to three in its genetic-disease unit, setting off a howl of community protests, including a petition to President Nixon with 20,000 signatures. (The cut has not yet been rescinded.) In many cases the drying-up of funds means not only that progress will be slowed but that money already spent will be wasted. M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston, which lost \$1.5 million of its \$8 million in federal funds, cannot add a needed and long-planned 350-bed unit. After spending years and \$1,752,000 of N.I.H. money raising monkeys in an almost germ-free environment and injecting them with cancer material and viruses, Bionetics Research Labs at Bethesda, Md., expected some to start developing tumors. Then the budget ax fell. At first it was thought that the 320 monkeys would have to be destroyed, because each costs \$3 a day in upkeep. Then the monkeys were reprieved and shipped out in batches to other primate centers. Whether the experiment has been ruined because of changes in their environment is not yet known.

Heart-artery diseases are America's No. 1 killer, and the No. 1 research project on their cause has been the Framingham Study. Since 1947, more than 5,000 residents of the Massachusetts town have been given regular examinations. The results, almost but not yet quite conclusive, indicate that smoking and high blood pressure and cholesterol are the most important factors in increasing the risk of early death from heart disease. The study is to be terminated June 30—to the despair of heart researchers all over the U.S.

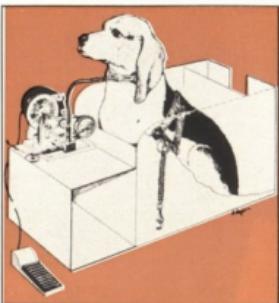
Radical Surgery. Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research proclaims in its very name that it meets the Government jargon specification of being "mission-oriented." That has not saved it from radical budget surgery. Five years ago, says Director Frank L. Horsfall Jr., the Government supplied 51% of S.K.I.'s income. In 1968, with a federal cut and inflation, S.K.I. went \$1.2 million in the red. Next year the deficit was \$1.8 million, and was met by dipping into capital. Faced with still deeper federal cuts and a probable deficit of \$2.6 million for 1970, the trustees have set a deficit ceiling of \$1.6 million and required expenditures to be

cut by \$1,000,000. As a result, seven out of 69 laboratories have had to be closed, while nine others have taken cuts of 20% to 30%. Both professional and technical staffs have been reduced and further curtailment next year is inevitable.

In Buffalo, Roswell Park Memorial Institute's director, Dr. James T. Grace, has had to abandon a five-year study designed to show whether adenoviruses are a cause of cancer in man as they can be in animals.

Cancer may eventually be conquered only by a crash program along the lines of the Manhattan Project. It is equally possible that vital cancer clues will come from some seemingly unrelated "basic" research in biology. Yet the likelihood of this discovery is reduced by the decrease in the number of investigators in all the life sciences. That is where the budget cuts are hurting, and inflicting wounds that will not heal for years. The National Institutes

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BEAGLE IN BOX

Even canines get hooked.

of Health are losing valuable experienced investigators, as are the complexes of hospitals, medical schools and research institutes.

By the later 1970s, the effect on medical research could be disastrous. It is the younger men who are being dropped in the economy wave and there are no funds for replacing them next year or the year after. Says Dr. Russel V. Lee, founder of the Palo Alto Clinic: "The principal loss, to my mind, will be the great discouragement in recruitment of young men for medical research. We are cutting off the plant at the roots." Virtually all the men responsible for directing research in both the life sciences and the physical sciences share that view.

Thus there is a crisis in research that today imparts even more urgency to words spoken only 16 months ago: "In the name of economy, the current Administration cut into muscle. The U.S. must end this depreciation of research and development in its order of national priorities." That demand was made by Richard Nixon.

MEDICINE

Smoking and Cancer—in Dogs

Cigarette tar painted on the backs of mice has long been known to produce cancer, but until now there has been no proof that lung cancer of the human type could be induced in any animal by forcing it to smoke. Thus, said the tobacco industry, there was no evidence that cigarette smoking caused lung cancer. The fact that heavy smokers are 20 times as likely to die of lung cancer as nonsmokers, said its spokesmen, was merely a "statistical association" that did not prove a cause-and-effect relationship.

Last week, in the hope of demolishing that argument, American Cancer Society researchers reported that of 36 beagles they had trained to smoke heavily, twelve had developed lung cancer. The cancer victims had smoked seven to nine unfiltered cigarettes a day over a 2½-year period. That, Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond figured, was the equivalent of a man's smoking almost two packs a day for 18 years, after making allowance for the beagles' size and shorter life span. Two of the dogs' cancers were indistinguishable from human smokers' lung cancer; the remaining ten were of types that are less common but are also found in men. There were other significant results: dogs that smoked the same number of filtered cigarettes did not develop cancer. Nor did those that smoked an average of 3½ non-filter cigarettes daily.

Like Teen-Agers. Previous attempts to reproduce the effects of human smoking in the laboratory had failed because animals could not be taught to inhale. At Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, Dr. William G. Cahan devised an ingenious method of inserting a plastic tube through an opening in a beagle's windpipe and pumping in smoke drawn from cigarettes. The animals were harnessed in an open box and, after a few weeks of gradual conditioning (at first, many coughed and retched like teen-agers with their first drags), showed signs of addiction. They inhaled voluntarily and appeared to enjoy smoking. Cahan's tests produced emphysema but no cancers in dogs. Dr. Oscar Auerbach used the same method with more dogs for a longer period.

Cancer Society spokesmen cautioned that the filter cigarette cannot "objectively be called a 'safe' cigarette" simply because the dogs kept on filter cigarettes did not develop cancer. But they conceded that with the filters, damage to lung tissue advances less rapidly. While animal experiments can never offer conclusive proof about disease in man, Auerbach has previously shown that human lungs undergo similar, progressive changes in proportion to the amount smoked. This, coupled with his beagle findings, makes an undeniably strong case.

THE PRESS

Promise on Subpoenas

Ever since Vice President Agnew criticized liberal TV commentators and newspapers, U.S. journalists have been on the defensive. A political writer for a major West Coast paper said last month: "Buried in our subconscious is the thought 'Be goddam careful. Don't start a beef.'"

Potentially, a more serious problem between the Administration and the press arose from the Justice Department's growing tendency to search among newsmen's private material for possible trial evidence (TIME, Feb. 9). Last week, after mounting indignation from the news media, the Administration decided that some of its more eager officials had gone too far. Sounding slightly embarrassed, Attorney General John Mitchell announced that henceforth "no subpoenas will be issued to the press without a good-faith attempt by the department to reach a compromise acceptable to both parties."

Said Mitchell: "I regret that recent actions by the Department of Justice involving subpoenas for members of the press and property of the press may have been the subject of any misunderstanding and of any implication that the Department of Justice is interfering in the traditional freedom and independence of the press . . . We realize the peculiar problems that subpoenas raise for the press." So saying, Mitchell prepared to invite news executives to Washington to hear his reassurances in person.

Fear Betrayal. Subpoenas are commonly used to compel personal testimony or the production of documents before official proceedings, usually a judicial hearing such as a grand jury. They are available to both the prosecution and defense. Unlike warrants, their justification need not be demonstrated in advance before a judge, but their validity may be challenged after they are issued, on the grounds that they are oppressive, burdensome or irrelevant. Anyone failing to comply with a valid subpoena order is subject to a contempt citation and, often, jailing.

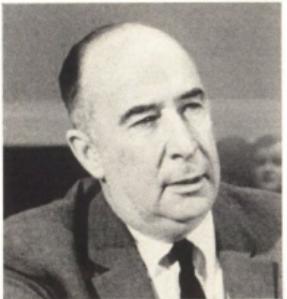
Newsmen are particularly sensitive to the use of subpoenas calling for their unedited files. They fear that they will be hampered in their work if confidential sources are betrayed. Hence the Justice Department has customarily negotiated the scope of subpoenas for the news media. Mitchell insisted that there had been no change of policy under his direction but conceded that "unfortunately" some subpoenas had been issued without prior negotiation. Among the most recent: one ordering New York Timesman Earl Caldwell to produce notes and tape-recorded interviews on the Black Panther Party acquired since January last year.

Many of the open-end-type subpoenas

issued on the press have sought information about the Panthers or the white radical Weathermen. The U.S. attorneys who obtained them are well aware of Mitchell's hard line on both dissident groups; they also know he favors "no-knock" authority for police investigating some cases. Thus, these attorneys may have thought they were carrying out Mitchell's desires, if not his orders. But an aide stressed that Mitchell had not promoted the trend. "Some eager beavers were off on a hunting trip," he offered, "and we're going to stop it."

No Fishing. Mitchell's move came in the face of united uproar from the press. Individual newsmen and major news organizations, including CBS, the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal and Newsweek, made it clear that they were prepared to help serve justice but were equally determined to protect confidential relationships. Hedley Donovan, editor in chief of Time Inc.,

DENNIS DRACK



MITCHELL OF JUSTICE
Now they will be stopped.

declared: "Should we believe that there is no immediate relevance and that a law-enforcement body is on a 'fishing expedition' for information, we will take appropriate legal action to contest the subpoena."

Others joined the press in protest. Ramsey Clark, Mitchell's predecessor at the Justice Department, said: "I think there has been a change in policy if general warrants are being issued, and I have a feeling of great uneasiness about it." Clark warned against destroying "the effectiveness of the press."

Mitchell's pledge to negotiate will not end the problem of subpoenas on the press. For one thing, negotiation does not ensure agreement. For another, the Justice Department has not been alone in efforts to probe newsmen's files. State attorneys and defense lawyers have also been caught up in the trend and there is no assurance that they will follow Mitchell out of it. Perhaps it will take a court challenge to establish where freedom of the press ends and aid to attorneys begins. But Mitchell, at least, seems conciliatory at present.

RELIGION

The Immaculate Heart Rebels

It was a conflict of principles deeply held between a majority of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Roman Catholic hierarchy. For nearly three years, the nuns had demanded freedom from the traditional rules of the cloister; the Vatican and the archdiocese of Los Angeles insisted on fidelity to religious discipline. Last week the dispute ended with the largest exodus from Roman Catholic religious life in recent memory.

About 315 of the 380 nuns decided to follow their president, Sister Anita Caspary, in asking for dispensation from church vows. The request will be granted. Rather than disband, they plan to form an independent secular organization devoted to "the service of man in the spirit of the Gospel."

Educated Women. Tentatively called Immaculate Heart Community, the group will be open to Roman Catholic couples as well as single people. "Many people are attracted by something bigger than themselves," explains Sister Anita. "That is the role the new lay community will be able to provide." It will continue to pursue the main tasks of the Immaculate Heart order—teaching, public health service and social work. A loosely organized communal framework to accommodate what Sister Anita calls "differing life-styles and living arrangements" will replace the traditional discipline. After receiving the dispensations, the women will be bound by vows of poverty, obedience and chastity only if they choose to make such pledges to the community. Says Sister Ruth Anne Murray, a high school religion teacher: "Our decision is a most viable way of rallying our potential as educated American women in the service of the church."

New members, whom the group hopes to attract from the laity, will work on a voluntary basis or for nominal compensation. The former nuns plan to continue to operate a hospital near Los Angeles and a conference center in Santa Barbara. In addition, they hope to retain a high school and Immaculate Heart College on the 13-acre site in Los Angeles. A settlement is still to be worked out, however. Some members, following Sister Eileen MacDonald, are remaining in the order and may attempt to hold some of the property now under the control of Sister Anita's group.

Ironically, the decision to leave the church came shortly after the nuns' arch antagonist, conservative James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, 83, was replaced by the more liberal Timothy J. Manning, 60, as Archbishop of Los Angeles (TIME, Feb. 2). Many, even in Rome, felt that a more flexible prelate than McIntyre could have avoided the break. When the nuns started to wear secular clothing in the fall of 1967, Mc-

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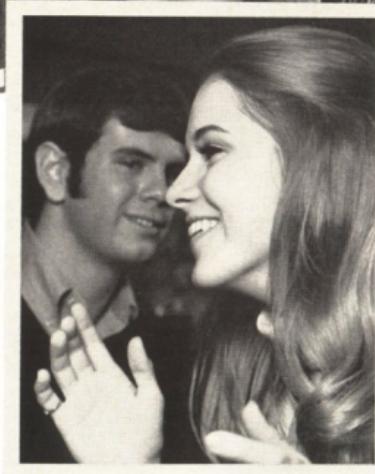
SISTER ANITA CASPARY
Limits of toleration.

Intyre barred them from teaching in archdiocesan schools. The nuns refused to take up the habit again or to modify other changes—including the elimination of compulsory daily prayer.

Time to Experiment. As the split attracted partisans on both sides, the Vatican in 1968 appointed a four-member commission to investigate. It decided on a compromise, permitting the order to split into two groups. The innovators, led by Sister Anita, were given "a reasonable time to experiment and to come to a definitive decision concerning their rule of life, to be submitted to the Holy See." The other group, consisting of some 50 traditionalist nuns, was allowed to continue teaching in parochial schools. Simultaneously, however, the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Religious ruled on the case with Pope Paul's blessing. That decision amounted to an ultimatum to the nuns that they could continue as a religious order only if they returned to wearing a "recognizable" religious costume and restored much of the traditional discipline of religious community life.

Instead, Sister Anita last December set Feb. 1, 1970, as the deadline for the Vatican to relent. Father Edward Heston, secretary of the Congregation of Religious in Rome, explained the Vatican's refusal to give in: "When it became obvious that these ladies no longer wanted to operate within the framework of the religious community, there was nothing else to do but permit them to get out."

Sister Anita expects others pressing for reforms may follow the lead of the Immaculate Heart nuns in experimenting with secular communities. "The religious life," she says, "may not survive." Father Heston saw one good thing in the rebels' departure: the church, he feels, has demonstrated the limits of its toleration of innovation.



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Payrolls and Pickerel in Maine

An icy northeaster rattled the windows of the statehouse in Augusta while legislators last week considered an issue that was potentially more stormy: imposition of the strongest state anti-pollution controls in the U.S. on an industry that Maine's economy needs. Yet the debate was calm. The lawmakers had become so convinced of the need to protect the environment that the bills aroused only token opposition. As oil lobbyists watched uneasily, the legislation was quickly approved in both houses.

Not that Maine can afford to discourage income-producing industry. One-third of its wage earners make less than \$5,000 a year, and in some counties unemployment runs as high as 11%. In the past, says State Representative John Lund, "when an industry said it was coming to the state, you didn't ask what product it made or what it might do to the environment. You just asked how many jobs it would create."

Potential Disaster. In previous years, moreover, when the state legislature tried to enact strong antipollution bills, local industry—especially the pulp and paper companies—hinted that the cost of cleaning up might force them to leave Maine entirely. "Payrolls or pickerel" became the dilemma's label; fish killed by water pollution represented the minimum price for keeping industry and jobs.

Two years ago, encouraged by Governor Kenneth M. Curtis, oil companies began to take a keen interest in Maine. New England could use a big refinery. Lacking one, residents of the six states pay 10% more than the rest of the

U.S. for fuel oil. Because Maine was underdeveloped and had good ports, Occidental Petroleum Corp., Atlantic Richfield and Atlantic World Port each proposed to build a refinery near Machiasport. Another company, King Resources, acquired 300 acres on Long Island in Casco Bay, where it planned to build a huge oil-receiving and storage terminal. At first glance, the projects looked like a bonanza. But few Maine residents rejoiced wholeheartedly. The state's famous thick fogs and treacherous coastal waters made oil spills from tankers a probability—and a potential disaster to Maine's fishing and tourism industries.

Pay Now, Argue Later. The supertanker *Manhattan* last fall put an end to any doubt about whether oil was coming to an undeveloped part of Maine's coastline (there is already an oil facility in Portland). By successfully battling its way through ice floes, the *Manhattan* opened the Northwest Passage as a feasible route from Alaska's North Slope oilfields to the domestic market. Maine's deepwater harbors, several studies proved, were the only ones along the Eastern Seaboard that could handle the 300,000-ton supertankers. "Instead of playing penny-ante stuff with the shoe industry, Maine was playing for high stakes with the oil companies," says John N. Cole, editor of the fiercely conservationist *Maine Times*. "And since the oil men had nowhere else to go, Maine held the ace."

It was a totally different bargaining position from any the down-Easters had ever had before. "We have the oil industry over one of its own barrels," cracked House Majority Leader Har-

rison L. Richardson. As a result, a bipartisan legislative committee, helped by Governor Curtis' staff, confidently wrote tough new bills to control the future industrial development of Maine. One measure provides for a \$4,000,000 fund to finance the cleanup of any oil spills. The companies will have to pay a half-cent levy on every barrel of oil they move into or out of Maine—a prospect that displeases some companies so much that they may test the law's constitutionality. In addition, the law states that the oil companies must accept unlimited liability for damage caused by oil pollution. Nor will the state have to prove negligence to dip into the fund. Richardson, the bill's sponsor, says: "We will clean up the mess first and argue about it later."

The more important measure provides, in effect, statewide industrial zoning regulations. Instead of just moving into any community where it has land, an industry first must have its plans approved by Maine's Environmental Improvement Commission. A tough progressive agency, E.I.C. insists that new industrial facilities of any kind be located so as to cause "minimal adverse impact on the natural environment." The oil companies have not yet decided what they might do about the law. Before last week's vote, the lobbyists pointed out that the bill would contradict the cherished Yankee tradition of local rule in every township. Maine's legislators nonetheless accepted it willingly. They no longer want to choose between payrolls and pickerel.

The Politics of Ecology

"There will be no change in the environment without first enacting legislative change," Conservationist John Zierold told a recent meeting of California's Planning and Conservation League. He should know. Zierold is the league's full-time lobbyist in Sacramento and represents 70 separate conservation groups. At the meeting, Zierold joined State Assemblymen Peter Wilson and Alan Sieroty to discuss "The Politics of Ecology."

What, specifically, can the concerned citizen do? First, the panelists agreed, he should stop acting as an individual. Instead, environmentalists should unite to present their case to lawmakers and to pool financial resources for campaign contributions to sympathetic politicians. Other practical guidelines:

- Environmental problems are still so new as political issues that they must be patiently explained to legislators—preferably before formal hearings.
- Every environmental cause must be directly equated with votes for the legislators.
- Proposals should call for positive action like new laws to protect the shoreline, rather than negative action like stiff fines for polluters.
- Once bills start moving through the legislative machinery, their progress should be widely publicized.

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Does the forest seem bare and lifeless in winter? Look closely. You'll see how alive it really is.

Although many birds fly south, many animals hibernate, and most trees are dormant, you can still see many signs of life in the winter woods. In fact, the animals that remain active are easier to see, framed against the snow under leafless trees.

If you dig down through the snowdrifts, you'll find even more life on the forest floor. Fungi and bacteria stay alive under the insulating blanket of snow, decomposing leaves and other litter. Spring-blooming plants grow their buds. And tree roots grow longer, preparing to meet the tree's

need for water and minerals when spring arrives.

A closer look at most things often reveals some surprises. Just look at St. Regis. Maybe you wouldn't think a company with 8 million acres of timber, would convert the most plastics for packaging. Or ice the floors of hockey arenas and curling rinks. Or use its computer technology to solve problems in solid waste disposal.

But just like the forest in winter; don't think a paper company has to be dull and lifeless. Look closely. You'll see how alive this one really is.

ST REGIS



Some animals are specially adapted for traveling in the snow. These broad tracks were made by a snowshoe hare, whose feet are twice as wide as those of jack rabbits that live where there is little snow.



A bird that has special snow equipment is the ruffed grouse. In winter it develops a comb-like growth on the sides of its toes that helps it walk on the snow. To escape foes, grouse dive into snowbanks.

Broadleaf trees drop their leaves to conserve moisture. Even on cold days the surface of the wood beneath will feel damp. The bark, too, helps conserve moisture, and acts as insulation to keep that moisture from freezing.





Late in winter, you may find tiny white blossoms called snowdrops up through the snow. You are more likely to find them in clearings than in densely wooded areas.



The broadleaf trees are bare, but next year's leaves are already perfectly formed, tightly wrapped inside the bud scales. All they lack is chlorophyll.



Evergreens do not need to shed their needles in winter because less water escapes from them than from broadleaf trees. Even though the boughs of this white spruce bend downward under heavy snow, finally dropping the load without damage to the tree.



Most fish spend the winter near the bottom of ponds and streams under the frozen surface. A temperature of minus 1 is about 34.2°F. But if a fish is caught in a pool that is shallow enough to freeze solid, this perch will live if a thaw melts the ice before his body freezes completely.



Sometimes the snow is teeming with life. If you think the drifts in the forests are covered with fine specks of food again, they may be tiny animals. These tiny critters appear on many days when the snow is thawing, and feed on microscopic life on its surface.



Some of the birds that remain in the northern states during the winter are chickadees, nuthatches and sparrows. They feed on winter buds, and the eggs of insects that have frozen. The cardinal shown here, once considered a southern bird, now winters farther and farther to the north.



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SPORT

Louisiana Hot-Shot

"One! One! One!" pleaded the sell-out crowd in the Louisiana State University Coliseum. L.S.U. Guard Pete Maravich (TIME, Jan. 19, 1968) tried, but all he could manage was 0,0,0,0—five missed jump shots in a row. Finally, with 4 min. 41 sec. remaining in the game against the University of Mississippi, Pistol Pete popped a 23-ft. jumper from the right side. The shot boosted Maravich's collegiate scoring total to 2,975 points, eclipsing the record set by Oscar Robertson at the University of Cincinnati a decade ago.

Mobbed on the court, Maravich shouted: "Look, we've still got to finish the game!" After order was restored, he added twelve more points for a total of 53 and a 109-86 L.S.U. victory. A 6-ft. 5-in. scarecrow with floppy hair and sloppy socks, Maravich is a rarity among superscorers: he passes off to teammates as deftly as he shoots. While besting Robertson's mark, he also racked up a dozen assists, which is just one shy of the L.S.U. record for a single game.

In two games last week, Maravich scored a total of 101 points, pushing his career total to 3,088. With eleven games remaining, the only question now is how soon he will reach the 3,500 mark. No one is more awed by Pistol Pete's sharpshooting than his father, Press Maravich, the L.S.U. coach. "Who would ever have dreamed," he says, "that that little kid who said 'Hey, Dad, give me a shot,' would do this?"

LEATUS STILL



MARAVICH v. OLE MISS
No way to stop him.

Pancho at 41

"My back gets very stiff and I put heat balm on it," he says. "The balls of my feet hurt too, so now I put the foot-pads on before the pain starts. The tension sometimes gives me a pain in the stomach, a nerve ache. So I take pills for that, and then I take another tablet that's full of minerals. It seems to help my vision."

The poor fellow sounds like a candidate for the geriatric ward, but it's only Pancho Gonzalez describing how it feels to be 41 and starting his 22nd year of professional tennis. It hurts, obviously. Yet there are compensations. Big compensations. In the opening match of the 1970 season at Madison Square Garden, Gonzalez took on Australia's Rod Laver, 31, the top-ranked pro on the tour for the past four years. The old outpatient not only survived; he outlasted Laver through five grueling sets and walked off with the \$10,000 winner-take-all prize money. A week later in Detroit, Gonzalez picked up \$10,000 more by running another Aussie, 25-year-old John Newcombe, off the court in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2.

Jungle Cat. The matches were the first in a ten-city tour offering \$147,000 in prize money, and Gonzalez is determined to get the lion's share. Not that Pancho is exactly strapped for cash. He has been topping \$100,000 annually from tennis and other interests for the past several years. What keeps him going is the same fierce pride that has marked the moody, 6-ft. 3-in. Mexican-American ever since he arrived on the scene in 1949, firmly convinced that "I'm the best tennis player in the world." There have been disbelievers from time to time: in 1955 the promoters of one tour guaranteed Tony Trabert \$75,000 and Gonzalez only \$15,000. An enraged Pancho told his opponent: "You'd better get used to losing." Trabert did. So did Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, as Gonzalez won the world professional championship every year from 1953 through 1959 and again in 1961. Some of the match-ups were so lopsided that promoters asked Gonzalez to "ease up a little." That was like asking an angry jungle cat to claw gently. Jack Kramer once said: "Pancho gets 50 points on his serve and 50 points on terror."

Like the big, blistering serve, the terror came naturally. A high school dropout who taught himself tennis on the public courts of Los Angeles, Gonzalez trained little, feasted on tacos and beer, and whiled the nights away playing poker and snooker. On the court Gonzalez displayed the temperament of a tiger. He snarled at opponents, drilled balls at judges' heads, once even rushed into the seats to strangle-arm a heckler.

Tennis fans have loved every mean minute of it. They forgive his outbursts



GONZALEZ AFTER BEATING LAVER
There are compensations.

as part of his almost fanatical passion for winning, a feat that now takes as much heart as art. He has made concessions. He uses a lighter aluminum racket. He cuts the pockets out of his tennis shorts lest they get soggy with sweat and weigh him down. And he has taken to rigorous training, practicing three hours daily and jogging around his eight-acre Pancho Gonzalez Tennis Ranch in Malibu, Calif. As for court tactics, he likens himself to an aging boxer who can no longer rely on a quick knockout but must pick out a weak spot and "keep punching until the muscles give." His victory over Laver was a case in point.

Anger Uses Energy. Using "lots of spins and changes of pace," Gonzalez won the first set at the service line. "I used to hit aces out of sheer power," he explains. "Now I hit them out of deception." Though he lost the next two sets, he began to establish a pattern: "Laver's not a very tall fellow and I felt that if I could get my lob going when he came to the net, I could work him pretty hard and penetrate more with a passing shot." In the final two sets the steady punching began to tell. Driven back by Laver's slams at the net, Gonzalez answered with top-spin lobs that dropped inches beyond the Australian's reach. Then, just when Laver seemed to be anticipating another pitty-pat shot, Gonzalez would power a thread-needle drive into the corner. Final score: 7-5, 3-6, 2-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Throughout the grind, Gonzalez blew his cool only once. Fixing a hot eye on a linesman, he growled: "Every time I play you make at least one crappy call!" That he didn't react more violently is part of the new strategy. "Anger uses up energy," says Gonzalez. "Because of the age factor I have to relax a bit more."

The Flying Fondas and How They Grew

PETER, the youngest Fonda, denies it. Henry and Jane, older and wiser, know that talent, like blood type, is decided before birth; that the plainsman, the rebel and the runaway are all branches on the same family tree. It is more than the physical resemblance that unites them—the El Greco shanks, the narrow faces with too much jaw, and the pale, inquiring eyes of hunted animals. There is also a common quality of purpose, a mutual undertow of melancholy.

It is probably no accident that each player has reached his—and her—peak in a doomed role. As *Mr. Roberts*, Henry Fonda caught the audience's sympathy—and then died discreetly, as one would expect, offstage. Jane's brains are blown away in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* As for Peter, he has the most muscular, corporcular death: groovily shotgunned down on his bike in *Easy Rider*.

Until lately, the Flying Fondas have not been a show-business family notable for harmony. But there is no melody like success. Henry has just completed his 72nd film, *The Cheyenne Social Club*, and currently is directing the Plumstead Playhouse version of *Our Town*. Jane has just won the New York Film Critics Award for her gritty, indomitable performance as a Dust Bowl Cassandra in *They Shoot Horses*. As for Peter, he will doubtless be a millionaire before the age of 30 for producing and starring in *Easy Rider*, the little movie that killed the big picture. Recognition, and years, have altered them all—particularly the kids. Jane is no longer content to play an ectomorphic Bardot. As a new mother, she resembles a full page in *McCall's* rather than a *Playboy* foldout. And the expatriate stance has vanished. "America is where I belong," she says, after a six-year sojourn in France. "This is where it has to happen." The girl who turned down the leading role in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Rosemary's Baby* is not about to let a plum go by her again. "I'll take on anything," she states, "even a musical." Peter, whose volatility could make Librium jittery, has turned out to have, his father says, "one of the great marriages of all time." When he talks today, he sounds as outrageous as ever, but miraculously, studio heads no longer shake their heads in bewilderment; they nod them in bewilderment. As John Cheever puts it at the end of *Bullet Park*, it is all "as wonderful, wonderful,

wonderful, wonderful as it had been."

The question is, just how wonderful had it been?

"I am not neurotic," says Henry, "but I think you become an actor maybe because there are these complexes about you that aren't average or normal, and these aren't the easiest things to live with. You can be easily upset, or short-tempered, or lack patience." It is an uncanny summary of two other Fondas. If, on occasion, Henry is painted warts and all, his children used to picture him warts and nothing. "I'm between planes somewhere," he once recalled, "and a reporter has a clipping that says Jane Fonda thinks her parents led a

Henry has opened. He digs. "I'm in awe of Peter," he now says. "I can't get over the fact that he got where he is at this point in his life." Peter is 29. Pater is 64. Take away 35 years and Henry is hoofing in *New Faces* on Broadway for \$35 a week. The Fonda name is no help—though in five years it will become so well-known that the Federal Writers' Project guide to *Nebraska* lists Grand Island as the birthplace of Henry Fonda, stage and screen actor, as well as the home of Jake Eaton, "champion gum chewer of the world, said to be capable of chewing 300 sticks at a time."

Henry has kicked over his job with the Retail Credit Co. and left the Community Playhouse in Omaha. Willa Cather, laureate of Nebraska, once wrote: "There are only two or three human stories, and they go on repeating themselves as fiercely as if they had never happened before." Fonda is the son of a printer—a conservative, a straight. "I want to live my own life," complains young Henry. "Sure," says Dad. "But not in my house."

Henry goes through several stock companies and a brief marriage—to actress Margaret Sullavan. He weds a New York socialite, Frances Seymour Brokaw, by whom he has two children, Jane and Peter. Henry and his roommate, Jimmy Stewart, begin to click onstage. He signs with a hot actor's agent, Leland Hayward—and the ink on the contract re-writes his life.

Weighed and Sifted

"I was visiting Omaha," Fonda recalls, "when I got a two-page telegram from Hayward in Hollywood, telling me to come on out. I sent a one-word telegram saying no. But nobody can keep saying no to Leland for very long. I went out to Hollywood—he met me at the airport, took me to a hotel suite. Half an hour later, as I stepped out of a cold shower, there was Hayward with a man whose name I had heard often. Dripping wet, I shook hands with

Walter Wanger, and that's how I signed for two pictures a year, \$1,000 a week."

The Fonda style rapidly sets: the methodic drawl, the slightly stooped, wary posture. In a sense, he has never left the credit company. At home, he is a nitpicking perfectionist. At work, each word, each gesture seems weighed and sifted twice before he allows it freedom. His pictures sometimes falter;



JANE FONDA BEACHED & TOPLESS

phony life. Or that she thinks her father should have been psychoanalyzed 35 years ago. Now it's all right for her to think it, but I don't think it's all right for her to say so in interviews. After all, I'm her father." Peter was content to show enormous sensitivity—for himself. "I dig my father," he used to say. "I wish he could open his eyes and dig me."

Fonda rides above them like a man on a gelding. Without missing a hoofbeat or a paycheck, he appears in westerns (*Jesse James*), biographies (*The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*), even comedies (*The Mad Miss Manton*). But it is not until 1940 that the man and his role fuse into the permanence of art. More than 20 years later, John Steinbeck unreels a print of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

"Times pass and we change; the urgency departs and this is called dating," Steinbeck says. "But I did thread the thing on my home projector and sat back to weather it out. Then a lean, stringy, dark-faced piece of electricity walked out on the screen, and he had me. I believed my own story again. It was fresh and happening and good."

The careers of most men up to 1941 are prologues to the war itself. For Fonda, the war is a prologue to his work. He climbs out of Navy blues and into Navy blues. An old friend

JULIAN WASSER



PETER, HENRY & JANE DURING THEIR SYMPOSIUM ON ACTING

from stock-company days, Joshua Logan, has collaborated with Thomas Heggen on an adaptation of *Mr. Roberts*. Leland Hayward is the play's producer. "It was like being in love," recalls Fonda. "You had this good feeling in the guts practically all the time."

Mr. Roberts opens to thunderous ovations. The career has been established, re-established, entrenched, ensured. Henry and Frances have a house in Connecticut, two bright, eager children of their own, plus a third child by Mrs. Fonda's first marriage. He becomes a cautious, skilled Sunday painter—and even sculpts a clay model of Peter's head, which later cracks.

Josh Logan recalls the marriage: "Frances was not really interested in the theater, so she was always embarrassed to talk about it. She'd talk of children, operations, jewelry, the stock market. I often wondered what she and Henry talked about, because these are the only subjects Henry couldn't talk about." There are rumors of rift, there

are reports that Frances has been institutionalized with unshakable fits of depression.

But no one, including Henry, is prepared for the lurid obituary of April 14, 1950: FONDA'S WIFE, ILL, COMMITS SUICIDE. At a "rest home," Frances has slashed her throat. Fonda plays in *Mr. Roberts* that night, recalls Logan, "I kept from going crazy."

Tear Along the Line

Frances' will pointedly includes the children and excludes Henry. What the world knows, the father hides. As far as the kids are concerned, their mother has died of a heart attack in the hospital. It is a year later that Jane, then 13, learns the truth from a friend who is thumbing through a movie magazine in art class. "It seemed easier on the kids not to tell the whole truth," Fonda says sadly. "But the bottom line of it all is: I wasn't telling the truth."

The kids tear along the bottom line.

"We overworried about him, I think."

Peter overrebelled. Resentment exuded from his pores. Years later he recalled an early boarding school: "What kind of parents would send a kid away at six to make his own bed?" A childhood friend remembers him as "a weird kid, relegated to purgatory." Peter admits, "I was shy, difficult and I lied a lot." Peter may have been a hellion, but Jane was a well-behaved, red-haired stick figure at the Brentwood Town and Country School. Her class was filled with other kids as plain as Jane: Gary Cooper's and Claude Rains' daughters, Laurence Olivier's son. A classmate recalls a bit of the Fonda home life down on the farm. "We were all afraid of Jane's father in those days. We always felt he was a time bomb ready to explode. But it was years later when we actually saw him lose his temper over some forgotten trivia. He was booming, purple-faced, with veins sticking out on his temples. It was the only time I was

"It seemed to be a normal life to me," Henry Fonda reminisces. But no child comes equipped with bifocal hindsight, least of all a Fonda. Almost from the start, the public roles and the private lives were at catastrophic odds. Steinbeck stated what the kids only felt: "Henry is a man reaching but unreachable, gentle but capable of sudden wild and dangerous violence. His face is a picture of opposites in conflict."

So were the settings. In the Hollywood days, he had built a Pennsylvania-style farmhouse and farm on nine acres in Brentwood. If the world found him at home as an actor, the kids found him more so on a tractor. Jane, in fact, had no idea of her father's vocation until she asked her mother why Daddy occasionally wore a beard. She adored him. She recalls, "I spent half of my young life wanting to be a boy because I wanted to be like my father." Still, it is easier to be Henry Fonda's daughter than his son. "Peter was always rebellious," recalls Henry.

ever privileged to see what may have been a constant for Lady Jane."

The "lady" was a chain that Jane had to drag around all through school. The very name tapes on her clothes read "Lady Fonda," and she was referred to at home as "Lady Jayne." It was not until the Fondas moved east for *Mr. Roberts* that Jane shook off the adult humor. Her family had preceded the Haywards to Greenwich, Conn., and Brooke Hayward noisily greeted her old classmate: "Lady Jayne!" "My name is Jane," came the icy reply. "J-A-N-E." Peter chose his own way of self-expression. "I wrote I HATE THE EAST on the walls of the houses we moved into, and then my father would make me go around and erase it all."

Less than a year after Frances' death, Henry the widower married Susan Blanchard, stepdaughter of Oscar Hammerstein II. They honeymooned on St. John's in the Virgin Islands, free from the family and the phone. Peter, 10, chose that moment to aim a gun at his



HENRY IN "GRAPES OF WRATH"

stomach and pull the trigger. The slug went through his liver. "I don't know if I was trying to commit suicide or not," says Peter. "Since then, the idea has occurred to me many times to do myself up, but righteously."

The Coast Guard fetched Henry to the bedside; Peter miraculously bounced back. He never lost that elasticity. In prep school, one of the masters developed an interesting theory about the boy's father. "Anybody who's been married all those times has got to be a son of a bitch," he reasoned. Peter knocked the teacher down and out.

Stalag 17½

Peter was 16, a vibrant, defensive man-about-town. He tried to slow himself down with barbiturates; to little avail. His sister once found him babbling outside school to a bunch of dogs and dubbed him a spaced-out Holden Caulfield. Peter loved, he thought, a girl named Bridget, Brooke Hayward's sister. She took her own life the same year he quit the University of Omaha. College proved like too much. Or not enough. "I split before that scene went down," he recalls. "I went into summer stock. I did everything I had to do, all I could, majoring in liberal arts and abnormal psych."

Summer stock was in Fishkill, N.Y. Henry's kid had done theatrical bits in prep school; he had even performed in his own satire, *Stalag 17½*. Now he worked the lights and learned, just like another kid did 30 years before. At 21, he won a part in a Broadway service comedy, *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*. Mr. Poole was no Mr. Roberts, but Peter was called another Henry, and it bugged him. "I can hear them in the front row," he griped. "It's your old man all over again."

By the time Peter had made it onstage, his sister was swinging in Hollywood. The sibling revelry turned into solo performances. "It was a time when we weren't very close," recalls Jane. "Peter had very short hair and insisted on getting married in a big church ceremony. I didn't understand his life and he didn't understand my friends." Peter admits, "I was trying to grab all the straight paraphernalia—the country club, have a silver pattern register at Tiffany's." His new wife, Susan, was the stepdaughter of Noah Dietrich, an ex-assistant of Howard Hughes. His best man was a young millionaire named Eugene ("Stormy") McDonald.

If an ironist were to select a trio diametrically opposed to the Fondas of today he could do no better than to choose the Fondas of 1960. Henry had married a fourth time, to an Italian countess, Afdera. He became unrecognizably Bonifacized. Leland Hayward attended one dinner party for Afdera's friend. "For dessert they had ice cream and chocolate sauce. There was dancing, and all of a sudden those nutty Italians began throwing ice cream and sauce on the walls. I thought Hank would com-

mit murder. But he just stood there and smiled and enjoyed it."

Peter may have been playing Master Wonderful. But Jane . . . In the sixth grade in Connecticut, Brooke remembers, "there was this shed on the school grounds where we all used to go to listen to Jane tell her dirty traveling-salesman stories." At Vassar, she made reality out of wishful thinking. Jane once discovered that school administrators knew she was AWOL. She telephoned, crying. "But before I got a chance to say I was sorry," she recalled, "the professor said he understood that my father had just married for the fourth time and that I was emotionally upset. I wasn't. I'd just gone away with a boy for the weekend." And from Vassar soon afterward.

She split to Paris for an extended fling, until Henry recalled her to New York. Together, father and daughter did some stock turns, but acting was strictly kicks until she enrolled at the Actors Studio in New York. "The only reason I took you," said the Method guru, Lee Strasberg, "was your eyes. There was such a panic in the eyes."

She attacked her craft with monomaniacal zeal. "I have never seen anyone involve herself so much," says Brooke. "She worked at it five days a week. Between classes she took modern-dancing lessons, psychoanalysis and massages." Her attack on her background was equally relentless. She became inseparable from Andreas Voutsinas, the actor Mel Brooks carefully chose to play the insinuating homosexual in his comedy *The Producers*.

Different strokes for different folks, said the Fonda watchers; Jane has a more rational explanation. "There is always a period when a child is looking for its own identity. The stronger the father figure, the harder the fight to break away. During that period, Peter and I had access to the press. We would go ruff, ruff, and that would develop into a big deal."

Intimations of Mortality

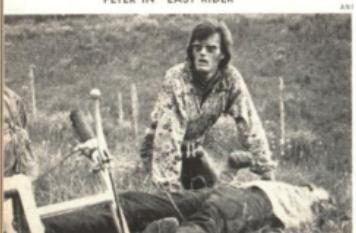
The kids played ruff almost everywhere they went. Peter unrestrainedly spied about the girl whose abortion he had arranged—and made necessary—the drugs he took, the lousy pictures he made. He claimed that when he first viewed *Tammy and the Doctor*, he vomited. The bombing of *The Victors* and *Lilith* did not sweeten a personality that seemed to have sand under its skin. Reality was to be fled; Peter became the acidhead of the house. "In those days, it wasn't an illegal drug," he says. "It was pure, non-chromosome-breaking, non-habit-forming, non-dangerous. So I dropped 500 micrograms and never came back. That's what I like to say, 'cause then people say, 'See, see, I told you, he never came back.' I was looking to get my head straight. And it helped."



IN "MR. ROBERTS"



JANE IN "BARBARELLA" PUBLICITY STILL

IN "THEY SHOOT HORSES..."
PETER IN "EASY RIDER"

AND

A Quiet Evening with the Family

It is evening in Bel Air, Calif. Peter, Henry and Jane Fonda sprawl on a broad couch in the library of Henry's handsome house. Opposite them are TIME's Mary Cronin, Jonathan Larsen and Jay Cocks. Red Erie beer foams in glasses on the coffee table. A tape recorder runs. Jane sums it up as the conversation develops: "This is really one of the first times in as long as I can remember that the three of us have been together and talked about acting." For the

JANE: I think there are very rare, geniuses actors that believe totally what they're playing. I am sure Eleanora Duse was that way. She became Juliet. I know it has happened to me—there will be just one scene where you don't have to work on it. You just believe.

HENRY: It is easier to grow in the theater than it is in films, because you have more time to let it grow. You rehearse for four weeks—I call it "babied up on a part." When the script is out of your hands, you can begin to put the breath and the blood into the character. I don't think of myself as the character. I think of the guy that the playwright wrote.

PETER: I get my licks because I approach movies on a much broader scale than just as an actor. Before, I felt stultified by the flick. You gotta hit this mark, you gotta remember which hand you pick this up in and which hand you put that down in. When I am conceiving the part, then I am the writer. Dad was talking about. I have already thought about the part, so I am really doing all that thing myself.

JANE: When it really works in the theater, then there is nothing more exciting than the immediate response from the audience.

PETER: Orgasm.

JANE: But I haven't got the discipline or the technique. Having to do it every night for me was death. What Dad does I am totally in awe of.

TIME'S JAY COCKS: Do you three make it a point to see what the others are doing?

HENRY: Not a point of it.

PETER: I haven't seen *Bottom Strangler*.

HENRY: Neither did I. [Laughter.] I want to see it because Jane wrote me one of the nicest fan letters I ever got when she saw it in Paris. I don't like to see myself on the screen. I don't like the sound of my voice.

PETER: Ah! That's right! I feel exactly the same way.

JANE: It is so different with me. I see every movie I do. I don't ever see them twice if I can help it, but I always see them once. And I learn so much by seeing them. I don't like the way I look either, except that I don't look at it as me. I look at it as a character that I'm playing.

COCKS: Any reason why there aren't any Fellinis in this country?

PETER: There are some people in this country that get it off. Have you seen

last half-hour of the session, Peter lambastes the Establishment press in general, and TIME in particular, for distortion of the truth. Henry listens in silence until Peter seems to be attacking the correspondents personally; then he explodes and delivers a furious lecture on manners. At that moment, Jane said later, "I felt like I was three years old all over again." Mainly, however, the talk was lively, friendly and enlightening:

Bob Downey? I mean *Putney Swope* is a little soporific, but it was pretty good. I wouldn't have been embarrassed to make that flick.

JANE: European directors study American movies with a seriousness that American film directors don't. Truffaut or Godard are essentially outcroppings of American film making. What Truffaut wants to make is a Hitchcock picture. But they can't do our stuff, and that is why our stuff impresses them so much. It makes me mad when people get discouraged about American movies. I think we have incredible problems to deal with—like the financial, the fact that the director isn't a master, and it is not even the producer that is head of the studio.

PETER: That's not true! Wait a minute! Whoa!

JANE: I did a movie where I did not want to wear falsies, and they told me I had to because Jack Warner doesn't like flat-chested women. [Peter laughs.] I mean, can you believe that? I said I wanted to wear a polka-dot dress, and they said Jack Warner doesn't like polka dots.

PETER: I don't think Europeans make better films. First of all, they can't even keep their johns clean. I went to dub *Easy Rider* in Rome and—

HENRY: I think Europeans are better, but I'm glad to hear you and Jane deny it. I'm not that much of a fan of Hitchcock. When you say that Truffaut is imitating Hitchcock and hasn't been able to—I thought Truffaut was better.

JANE: On the other hand, there's Mike Nichols, who is in awe of Truffaut and tries to imitate him.

PETER: My own respect for American films has to do with my own identity with American films. I will kick Jack Warner in the ass. Lew Wasserman used to be my father's agent. What is he going to tell me? He knows how to make contracts. [Henry laughs.]

TIME'S JON LARSEN: Since you get bumped off at the end of *Easy Rider* and Jane gets bumped off in *They Shoot Horses*, how do you feel about violence in films? Do the Charlie Mansons go watch movies like this and freak out?

JANE: We know what Charlie Manson read. Now that book is not a negative book, by any manner of means. But I mean—a psychotic can get hold of anything and make it work to his own in-

terests. *Stranger in a Strange Land.** It's just a title.

PETER: In which Dad should play Jubal Harshaw, Jane should play Jill the nurse, and I should play Valentine Smith.

JANE: He read the book, and that's what gave him the whole business of the group family and the incredible orgies and all that kind of thing.

PETER: They weren't incredible.

COCKS: They were just regular, good old family orgies.

JANE: What Peckinpah wanted to do in *The Wild Bunch*, from what I read, was for once not just to show violence but to show it in such a way that you really felt what it must be like to die.

PETER: That is absolutely not true. I think he knew, going in, that it wasn't true. I think he knew he was making violence in such an acceptable form that we would all groove on it as voyeurs. I was put down by my long-hair, freaked-out friends, who said, "Man, you have violence in *Easy Rider*." But the violence I put in *Easy Rider* was unacceptable because it was unexpected. The violence in *The Wild Bunch* was expected and totally acceptable. When it is acceptable, you have already dealt with it in some past experience. The shoot-out.

COCKS: How about asking each of you whether you are conscious of having an individual image on the screen, something that you represent to people?

HENRY: Well, I'm aware of it only because I hear people talk about me. Joe Mankiewicz recently cast me in a picture because, he said, "I want that middle-class American morality that is Henry Fonda."

PETER: My image—I don't know. All I do is want to create questions in the minds of the audience. I just want them to say Why? or What?

JANE: I don't think I have an image, and when people try to give me one I think they're making a mistake.

COCKS: How about images like the first family of American cinema?

PETER: We're not.

JANE: I think it is very nice. Terrific. It's unusual that three people in the same family have made it.

PETER: No, it's not nice at all. If that makes us special, let's find another family, quick.

* Robert A. Heinlein's science-fiction novel about a human reared on Mars who returns to earth cheerfully prepared to eliminate anyone who stands in the way of his propagation of a superior race (TIME, Jan. 19).

During the process, while Peter was visiting him in Tucson, Stormy Mac-Donald slashed his wrists, then shot himself. Mother, girl friend, best man—all suicides. Intimations of mortality began to cling to Peter. Nothing he said seemed edited by his brain. His sister had gathered a barefoot-in-St.-Tropez reputation as Director Roger Vadim's newest protégée. When Henry objected to Jane and Roger's live-in arrangements, Peter announced, "Father was living in Malibu and the only difference was that he'd send his chick home at night. His duplicitous ways blew our minds."

Through it all Henry retained a stoic but visibly worn exterior. Audiences who saw him as the President in *Fall Safe* or the Secretary of State in *Advise and Consent* thought his face showed lines of global tension. They were only signs of middle-aged fatherhood. "I knew those two children were going to be rebellious if their old man was successful at something and they decided to do the same thing," he sighs. "I had to hold my breath sometimes and not let it hurt too much."

Jane became the sexual rebel, triumphantly denouncing marriage, appearing topless, and on occasion bottomless, in films. Such Vadim-witted flicks as *The Game Is Over* were 25% titillation, 75% marzipan; but because they were 100% Jane, they were worthwhile. Even the overblown *Barbarella* had style when she was on, peeling her futuristic armor to stand nude before an elderly gentleman. "Barbarella," he nodded. "Mr. President," she replied.

"Daughter? I don't have a daughter," Fonda once said during Jane's Francophile period. He refused to see some of her pictures, and never did get around to attending her wedding when she and Vadim decided to make it legal in 1965. There seemed an extra conviction in his performance in the Broadway comedy *Generation* that year. It was about the father of a headstrong girl and an undesirable son-in-law.

Moral Support

On-screen, Jane had sex cornered. Violence became Peter's bag. His big role was the vicious cyclist in *The Wild Angels*, and personality posters' big number was Fonda on a chopper. Two million of the posters were sold, claims Peter, three of them to their subject. "I looked at them on the wall of my house and decided it was the hang-up of the people who bought them, not mine." Peter's private life remained astonishingly placid; his marriage seemed to have everything his father's four marriages had lacked. He referred to his wife as "my old lady." They presented Henry with his first two grandchildren.

His conversation remained free association. On occasion, the subject turned to drugs. It was uncool in a state whose government likes to see its grass mowed, not smoked. While Grandpa was making a movie appropriately entitled *Welcome to Hard Times*, he made

an unscheduled appearance beside Peter in a Los Angeles courtroom. The charge: narcotics possession. "I'm here," said Henry, "to give moral support or any other support to my son." The case was dismissed, but the experience, recalls Henry, "shook Peter real good, and it should have."

Business went on as usual during alterations. Henry married a fifth time, to Shirlee Adams, a willowy ex-airline stewardess. "Henry is a very moral man," paradoxically concludes his third wife, Susan Blanchard. "If he were not, he wouldn't have been married so many times." Remarriage, observed Samuel Johnson, is the triumph of hope over experience. If Henry was moral, he was also congenitally optimistic.

He delightedly learned that the generation gap was not a Fonda exclusive. He resisted his son's sales talk on drugs and his daughter's on psychoanalysis, but he tried some self-analysis and

"and they last a lifetime." Peter even tried to buy back the Brentwood haunt his father had sold in 1947. Today Peter understands the move: "Looking back on it now, I can see you don't blow *Mr. Roberts* for a house, you blow the house for *Mr. Roberts*." When his son learned that Henry was campaigning for Eugene McCarthy, he swore: "It blows my mind. I won't have to send him poison-pen letters in the press."

Greyhounds Between Races

Habit cannot be thrown out the window; it has to be coaxed downstairs one step at a time. Henry has never doted. His was an old family, traceable back through Holland to Italy—and Henry is most comfortable in the role of the tight-lipped senior aristocrat. He belongs to Manhattan's Raffles club and maintains a town house in New York. "People think you're rich because you

TONY RIZZO



HENRY WITH FRANCES BROKAW



WITH SHIRLEE, WIFE NO. 5

reached a shrewd conclusion: "I'm a self-conscious person, and I'm an actor because I don't have to be myself."

The kids made vaster, faster metamorphoses. "I did two things," says Jane. "I had a baby and I made *Horses*. I went into pregnancy at 31. It felt like I could be destroyed. I was afraid. When Vanessa started growing in me, I got hooked. I'm a late starter. It has taken me a long time to get it together."

Peter abruptly realized what, as well as who, his father was. "Acting is putting on a mask," Henry had once confessed. "The worst torture to me is not having a mask to get in back of." The trouble was, no one had ever written a part for Henry the father. Both kids cursed their childhoods; yet their closest friends are from those anguished years. Brooke Hayward is Jane's confidante; her brother Bill is Peter's partner. Jane rebuilt a 140-year-old farmhouse 35 miles west of Paris as meticulously as Henry had once worked on the Brentwood place. She brought in full-grown trees. "They don't cost as much as an evening dress," she says,

live well," he says. "But you have to put up a good front if you're a star." The frontage feeds on constant employment. The Fonda annuity may just turn out to be the other Fondas.

Both children have become astonishing refractions of his spirit. Relaxation for both will never be defined in customary terms of lolling or woolgathering. At rest, both suggest greyhounds between races. But the energy no longer dissipates itself in showy cloudbursts. The old-model Jane used to welcome an entourage on the farm or at the Vadim pad on the beach at Malibu. For the heavy work in *They Shoot Horses*, she quit the crowded homestead and holed up with her baby in a trailer on the set. There was sex in her performance, but she was no longer the kitten from *Cat Ballou* or the dirty blonde of *The Game Is Over*. "She had," says Joshua Logan, "her father's undesirability."

For the first time, Jane realized Henry's philosophy: less is more. "You have to keep some of the mystery," she concludes, in life as well as art. "If you

bring a plastic penis into the classroom as they do in Sweden, that removes all the mystery. If you go to bed with *Human Sexual Response* under your arm, things can get very boring." The new unseductiveness does not end at the set. Confesses Vadim: "I do much more giving than Jane. In a way, in our relationship she is the man and I am the woman." Her attitude on marriage remains a bit like Dad's: "Forever is a very difficult word."

She has reduced her weight ("I like to feel close to the bone"), and her lifestyle. The *haute-couture* frocks have been exchanged for thrift-shop goods. French cooking has given way to health foods, plus occasional side orders of hash. Her father owns a Bentley, a Mercedes and a Thunderbird. Peter is a bike freak. Jane owns no car and does not drive.

In the '70s, the daughter will dominate the screen far more successfully

inherent of the Emperor Nero's desire to attend his own funeral. Today Peter has evolved an elaborate ambiguity to justify its action-comic wanderers, Wyatt and Billy, and the mindless violence of their redneck antagonists. "Dennis Hopper and I represent a complete misunderstanding of what freedom's all about," he claims. "Both concepts are untenable, whether it's scoring and wanting to retire to Florida and ride around on your chopper, or whether it's just making money off of people."

The family belligerence has turned his hostility outward—toward the System. He has established a modest production office—where he arrives anonymously in a Volkswagen. His movie company, Pando, forbids the word star. "We have other words that concern us," he boasts. "We will make documentary films designed to overthrow the church, Mom, Dad and fashion in general." Such projects are unlikely

MILESTONES

Died. Jack Mills, 64, engineer of the royal mail train that in 1963 was robbed of \$7,000,000; of pneumonia; in Nantwich, England. Mills was so severely beaten during the robbery that he was unable to continue as an engineer. When the wife of one of the bandits received \$72,000 from a newspaper for her story of the crime, public embarrassment led to a fund-raising drive for Mills, who collected \$82,528.

Died. Gertrude Douglas Widener, 71, one of thoroughbred racing's *grandes dames*; of cancer; in Manhattan. Though married to Peter A.B. Widener II, heir to the racing and breeding dynasty, the beautiful socialite was determined to make it on her own; under her own colors, she bred and raced such horses as Hula Dancer and Dan Cupid. Her greatest was the stallion Polynesian, winner of the 1945 Preakness and sire of the magnificent Native Dancer.

Died. Louise Bogan, 72, distinguished American lyric poet; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. "I have no fancy ideas about poetry," Miss Bogan once remarked. "It is something you have to work hard at." And work she did, from 1931 to 1969 as writer and poetry critic for *The New Yorker*, and as the author of six volumes of verse. A consummate lyricist, she wrote with forceful emotion and maturity, as in "Juan's Song":

When beauty breaks and falls
asunder
I feel no grief for it, but wonder.
When love, like a frail shell, lies
broken,
I keep no chip of it for token.
I never had a man for friend
Who did not know that love must
end.

Died. Rosie Dolly, 77, one of Broadway's glamorous dancing Dolly Sisters who with her identical twin Jenny, was the toast of two continents in the Roaring Twenties; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Beautiful and talented, the daughters of Hungarian immigrants (Roszika and Yancsi Deutch), they danced to packed houses on both sides of the Atlantic. Jenny, after several unhappy marriages, hanged herself in 1941. Rosie married Canadian Millionaire Mortimer Davis Jr., later shed him for wealthy Chicago Department Store Heir Irving Netcher.

Died. Francis C. Frary, 85, pioneer in aluminum research, who as head of Alcoa's labs discovered the electrolytic process of producing super-pure aluminum and held 30 important patents for the company; in Pittsburgh.

Died. Bertrand Russell, 97, colossus of 20th century philosophy (see *THE WORLD*).



VADIM, JANE & VANESSA



PETER & SUE WITH JUSTIN & BRIDGET

than the father did in the '30s, '40s, '50s or '60s. Her bony body and lean, clean features can attack grin or grim pictures with equal ease. She has performed in period, contemporary and science fiction with total facility. Her speech still smacks of elocution lessons, but her throat thrums with conviction. She is all by herself, a vindication of the maligned Method acting that Henry puts down as "crap."

Waiting Out the Rain

Even so, she may not be the greatest Fonda. It has taken Peter the longest to establish priorities, to coincide his intelligence and his energy. He still guns his emotional engine too loud, and the exhaust from his pronouncements often obscures the man. "Peter has made a career of not being repressed," says Susan Blanchard. But the career has gone from bullying waste to something measurable. His scenario for *Easy Rider* was sometimes self-indulgent. Its villains were as exaggerated and snarling as the overdrawn wrongs of his Dad's old oaters, and its bloody ending rem-

ained to feature Henry—and possibly not even Jane. But then the family similarity is marbled with varied outlooks and insights. They are not yet the new Barrymores. "We're not a theatrical family," insists Peter. "Someone else may think of us like that, but my father is Henry Fonda, a peculiar, incredible person on his own. My sister is Jane Fonda, but she could be Jane Seymour, see, and she on her own is incredible. And I'm Peter Fonda. I could be Peter Henry and still be doing my number."

It is a number that viewers are getting to know better than the digits of their own phone. Henry and Jane have something, but the little brother with the big mouth just might have everything. Outside his spacious Bel Air home, Bridget, 6, and Justin, 31, gambol; Sue has retained her appeal; the checks from 22% of *Easy Rider* will soon annihilate the bills. A newspaper cartoon pinned above the fireplace says it all: two teen-age girls moon around a room waiting out a thunderstorm. "Do you think," asks one, "that it rains on Peter Fonda too?" No longer.

THE THEATER

Heartland of the Absurd

In the plague-stricken city, in a deserted street, where doors are sealed with a scrawled cross and "God Save Us," two citizens meet and, at a safe distance, talk. "I have a gun, be careful, stay back." One finds he knows a friend of the other's, newly dead. "Then I am a dead man." Enter a nun, robed all in flowing white, carrying a little white case with a red cross on it. "Sister, help me." She swirls up to first citizen, kisses him on the mouth: "Yes, you are a dead man." She kisses second citizen on the mouth: "You are a dead man too." Death enters, robed in black.

easy and tittering for two unbroken hours. Death, along with madness, is the heartland of the absurd today, recalling how, three and four centuries ago, the dance of death, along with the ship of fools, was the obsession of so much European painting and writing. For *The Triumph of Death*, Ionesco reaches not only to Albert Camus, but also back to the Bruegel painting that bears the same title and beyond that to Holbein, to the tradition of the 15th century frescoes of Palermo, to medieval mysteries and moralities crudely performed in the streets.

He begins as he will go on, in poignant yet heartless atrocity. Here is a

ing woman, and brings their men to them defying the curfew. "I had given up hope," each woman says, and from there the dialogues of loving, reassuring clichés go on in strict musical parallel, words and acts in either room echoing within moments in the other.

Lapidary Density. Drop by drop, like blood from a carcass, the repetitions drain meanings from the emotions. Then, on the left, the lover holds his dying girl, but "I don't hear you," she whispers, "I don't feel you. I am"—her last words—"all alone." To the right, in speech and action interwoven with the mirror scene, the terrified woman is almost out the door as her man lies dying. But then—"I know you are here," he says, "I hear you. I feel you close. I am not alone." The scene is a bravura display of counterpoint. It states with lapidary density all that the absurdist maintain about the illusions of communication and the reality—or is it even that?—of loneliness and despair.

Ionesco cannot sustain this elegant intensity at full stretch, though in the past he has done so. Where a play like *Rhinoceros* was intrinsically original, as the imagery of *The Triumph of Death* cumulates, it becomes literary, reminiscent; often beautiful, it is eventually muffled in echo. Worse, satiric invention flags, seeks easy targets: political speakers who die, pompous doctors who die. At the end, the plague abates, but Death still waits, for the city and the few survivors are consumed by fire. An arbitrary close. But that's the point.

Ionesco is eloquent in his own defense, asserting in a program note that while Camus went to the plague to give moral and even political meaning to the absurd, he himself has the diametrical aim of taking meaning away. "Death is the ultimate threat . . . but in fact even those who think they know this, know it not." *The Triumph of Death* is a gaudy, funny feast of cynicism and imagery. It is unforgettable, but it is oddly without consequence. At its prodding, terror, mortal terror, twitches and rolls over but will not wake.

Dirty History Postcard

Peephole views of history are peddled in the theater these days the way filthy postcards were once hawked in Paris. Want to see Pope Pius XII do something obscene to 6,000,000 Jews? Scan *The Deputy*, an original Rolf Hochhuth dirty history postcard. Want to see whites do something obscene to a Negro heavyweight champion? Scan *The Great White Hope*, an original Howard Sackler dirty history postcard. The theatrical alleys are getting a trifle crowded with these peddlers, but Ireland's Conor Cruise O'Brien obviously thinks there is room for one more. He has a marvelous name for a dramatist, and it is a far, far better line than any in his play, *Murderous Angels*.

Aably directed by Gordon Davidson and skillfully performed at Los Angeles'



DEATH TERRIFYING POPULACE IN "TRIUMPH"
Like blood from a carcass.

The nun dances up to him, trills: "And I am a dead woman." Death enfolds her, black arms around white. They sway together and dance off.

The greatest strength of surreal "anti-theater" is, in point of fact, intensely theatrical: visual images that slice faster than pain can follow to the deepest resources of the imagination. No one else's emblems of the irrational at the core of man—not Jean Genet's black white Negroes, not Samuel Beckett's aschans, not even Jerzy Grotowski's Holy Auschwitz—are quicker or more deadly than Eugene Ionesco's best: when he bothers to aim, he can knock the cigarette from one's lips at 40 paces. As Death and the nun came together onstage in Düsseldorf in the world premiere of Ionesco's *The Triumph of Death*, applause spattered through the theater.

Poignant Atrocity. The morbid embrace is but one flash in a carnival of images on the single Lenten theme with which Ionesco and Director Karl Heinz Stroux hold the audience alternately un-

crowded Sunday Square. Death rings a handbell, but to the strollers, "Ah, church is over." Now a baby is dead in its carriage. Now look, they are all dying, even the good housewife, whose last words are that "lunch is not ready!" Now here is the rich man in his house, servants spraying the air, putting up the windows; now see how his face turns black, how he falls, how Death efts him away, how the fleeing servants are forced back inside by police with machine pistols. Now see the city prison, where the guard throws open the cell doors, but the prisoners argue the metaphysics of their predicament until they die, and the guard hangs himself. Death enters, jingles the guard's keys. The real prison is outside.

The bitter skits flow into one another, using actors as interchangeable parts, a cast of 17 playing 88 roles, stylized and depersonalized. They reach hallucinatory heights. Once, Ionesco simply puts two rooms onstage, furnishes them identically with a bed, a chair and a wait-



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Mark Taper Forum, the play is perhaps best betrayed by description. Acting on behalf of the stockholders of the copper-rich Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, the U.S. pressures the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjöld (George Voskovec), to accede to the murder of the Congolese leader, Patrice Lumumba (Louis Gossett). At the very least, this proposition proves that a sovereign contempt for the playgoers' intelligence is not confined to Broadway.

History Distorted. O'Brien, of course, is much too shy to pretend that he is recording straight history, even though he was a U.N. official in Katanga province in 1961 during its secessionist struggle with the Republic of the Congo. In one of the most disingenuous prefaces ever tacked onto a play, O'Brien announces: "My Hammarskjöld and my Lumumba are not to be thought of as the 'real' characters of that name, but as personages shaped by the imitation of a real action associated with their names." What O'Brien is proclaiming here is the dramatist's right to distort history and historical characters in any way he sees fit. Director Gordon Davidson argued in conversation on opening night that Shakespeare did precisely the same thing. The significant difference, perhaps, is that Shakespeare wrote drama, whereas O'Brien simply pontificates and polemicizes.

To what uses does O'Brien put his historical carte blanche? He argues that Hammarskjöld was a pederast and Lumumba an avid heterosexual. Disregarding the question of truth, which scarcely seems to concern O'Brien, is it not a sign of intellectual naiveté to argue that the political acts of a pederast will automatically be evil and the political acts of a heterosexual will automatically be good? With similar unsophistication, he argues that only whites hurt blacks. Presumably, after almost 2½ years of the Nigerian civil war, even his eyes should be a little wider open than that. One insufferable assumption of the play is that anything the U.S. does in the world is unvaryingly venal. Now to err is human, and since Americans are human, they err. But to imply that all their motives in world affairs are malignant, avaricious and murderous is surely to show a strong and unrealistic bias.

Laughter in the Dark

Art Buchwald's first play, *Sheep on the Runway*, is a cartoon allegory. Flush with military hardware but low on brain-power, a group of bumbling, do-gooding, fast-talking Americans lead a small, neutral Himalayan nation in Asia into a deadly heap of trouble. The difficulty with themes like this is that a playgoer is not quite sure whether he is experiencing the shock or the drone of recognition. An audience should never know as much as or more about a play than the playwright does.

Since Buchwald never opts to go all out for satire or all out for farce, the

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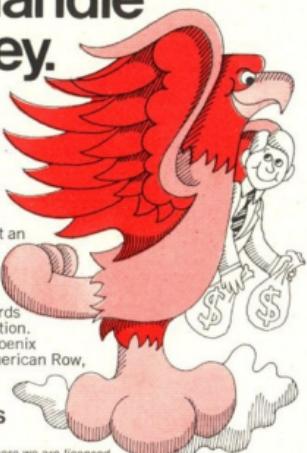
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play seems to be stalemated in a diplomatic buffer zone between the two. In straight allegories, the characters go by general labels such as the Pilgrim, the Fool, the Saint. In Buchwald's comic allegory, the characters are similarly walking labels: the Hawk (a syndicated Washington columnist), the Ambassador, the Pentagon Man, the C.I.A. Man, the A.I.D. Man, the Local Prince. Stereotypes do contain truths, and they serve a playwright well, but only 50% of the way. The other 50% comes from a playwright's individuation of his characters so that they surprise, confound, delight and involve the audience. That is the 50% that Art Buchwald cannot yet supply in *Sheep on the Runway*.

What he does supply is a fusillade of laughs. These are not so much punch

LEO FRIEDMAN

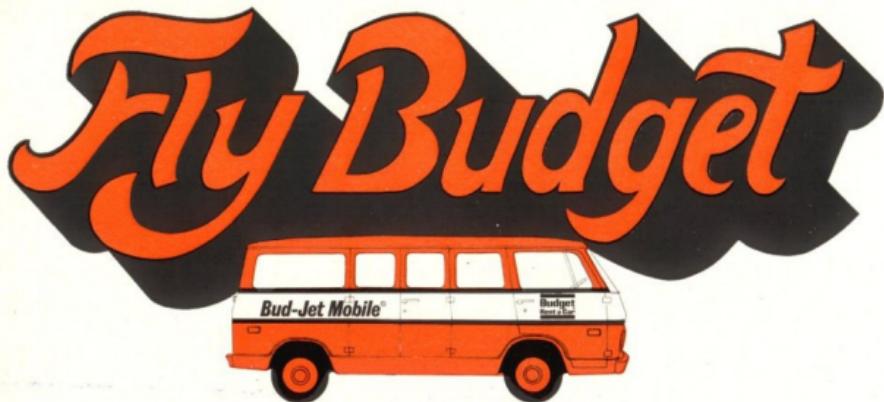


SCENE FROM "SHEEP"

Thirst quenchers in a dry season.

lines as counterpunch lines. "You are considered an underdeveloped nation by underdeveloped nations," the Local Prince is told by the Columnist. "Disneyland—that's our code name for Washington," explains the Ambassador. Political in-joking is the sport of the evening, but some of it has a kind of frantic blandness about it: "Do you realize that the average age of Chiang Kai-shek's privates is now 64?"

The cast is uneven, and Director Gene Saks too often seems merely to have urged his actors toward assorted bedlam. Martin Gabel displays a finely arrogant condescension as the Hawk, who can sniff out Communist threats in unpopulated jungles, and David Burns as the Ambassador hilariously exhales his words like a trombone in anguish. A lavish campaign contributor, he storms that Washington doesn't even know where his post is. That is the play's problem as well, but the laughs are located at Broadway's Helen Hayes Theater, and in a dry season they are thirst quenchers.



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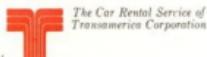
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MODERN LIVING

Travel: Camera with Cross Hairs

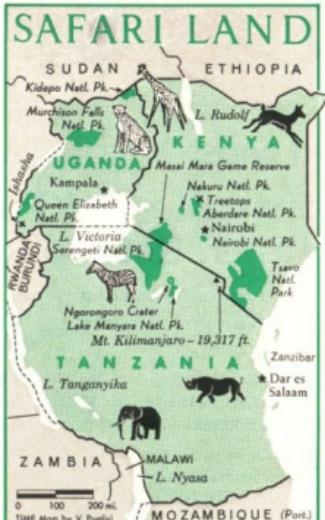
IN East Africa, that magical land of the Masai, the Mau Mau and the Marabou, February is the middle of summer—and summer is safari season. To many Americans, the word *safari* (Swahili for journey) still conjures up a vision of Stewart Granger beating bravely through the bush, trailed by the wealthy, red-faced "Bwana Mkubwa" (Big Boss), his bored, flirtatious wife and a long line of naked natives with rifles, cook pots and bathtubs balanced on their heads. A more accurate vision is apt to be somewhat less theatrical. Outside Nairobi's new circular Hilton Hotel (the "Tiltin' Hilton"), a gaggle of middle-aged, middle-class Americans clamber into a zebra-striped minibus. Whisked off to a government-operated park, they spend the day shooting everything that moves—with cameras. On the way back, they stop to shop for souvenirs: Masai warriors' spears (forged in Birmingham, England) and "elephant hair" bracelets (actually made of plastic) that are supposed to guard the wearer against attack by a frenzied pachyderm. That is *safari*, 1970 style, the newest travel mania.

Hunters of the Ernest Hemingway persuasion, of course, can still arrange an old-fashioned "Big Five" (lion, leopard, elephant, rhinoceros, Cape buffalo) trophy hunt, provided they have the patience and the price. East Africa's top white hunters are so busy that they are already taking advance reservations for 1973. Most shooting safaris last a minimum of 21 days, and they are exorbitantly expensive. In Kenya, the daily charge per person for four clients with two professional hunters is \$422. That fee does not include clothing, game licenses (\$300 for a single rhino, plus an extra \$600 if the specimen shot turns out to be a female), rental of weapons, ammunition, National Parks entry fees, liquor, tips to the African gunbearers, cooks, guides and skinners, or taxidermy charges. Total bill for a 21-day hunt: about \$12,000.

Spear-Carrying Bushmen. Small wonder that the camera *safari* has become so popular. A number of U.S. tour firms are now packaging and promoting all-expense camera safaris, and about 20,000 American tourists will go on *safari* this year in the East African nations of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda, staying an average of 21 days and spending \$650 (exclusive of air fare) on the trip. Not only are the economics attractive, the experience is mind-boggling—because everything in East Africa seems to be a superlative.

Residents of the area boast that the

original Garden of Eden was located there, and few visitors would dispute the claim. There is the shockingly clear blue sky, the bright orange moon, the mauve mountains and burnt-umber plains—to say nothing of the teeming wildlife. "The more U.S. cities get clogged up and polluted, the more people want to lose themselves in wilderness—in something that makes sense," says Chris Pollet, a former professional hunter who works as a tour consultant for Winchester Adventures. "A camera *safari* is the best therapy for city dwellers"



—and for single ladies from Sacramento. They sit on the hotel veranda, sipping martinis while feeding canapés to begging baboons and spraying each other with Bug-Off. Alex Lewyt, of the vacuum cleaner family, is about to take his fourth camera *safari*. "The minute you land in Nairobi, all your senses undergo a change," he says. "It's what a low-pressure LSD trip must be like. It's fantastic to watch the Abercrombie & Fitch types rubbing shoulders with spear-carrying bushmen."

A typical camera *safari* starts in the gleaming, modern metropolis of Nairobi (pop. 477,600). In the Nairobi National Park, just seven miles from the center of town, cheetahs blithely hitch rides on the roofs of passing cars and lions stare dully at the screen of a neighboring drive-in movie. Next stop might be Aberdare National Park and the Tree-

tops Hotel, 65 miles north of Nairobi. A sort of "hide," or hunting blind, with beds, Treetops is built on stilts and overlooks a water hole and a salt lick—gathering places each sunset for elephants, black rhinos, giant forest hogs and several species of antelope, including the rare and elusive bongo.

Rapacious Fish. Roughly the size of California and Oklahoma combined, Kenya boasts a dozen other prime hunting areas for buffs with cross hairs on their cameras. At Tsavo National Park, famed for its 20,000 elephants, overnight visitors sleep at \$21 a night in a tent camp. On the Masai Mara Game Reserve, proud Masai tribesmen—bodies covered with red ochre clay, scarlet cloaks knotted over one shoulder—compete with golden-maned lions for photographers' attention. Although East African natives often refuse at first to pose for cameras—on the ground that their souls may become trapped in the little black box—the barest flash of green turns superstition into cooperation.

At Lake Rudolf, on the Ethiopian border, the big attraction is fishing; its waters are home to the Nile perch, a rapacious—and delicious—fish that can weigh more than 200 lbs. and has been known to attack a hook baited with nothing more attractive than an old tennis shoe. The lake is also inhabited by more than 150 separate species of wildfowl.

The compleat East African camera *safari* must include side trips to Kenya's neighbors, Tanzania and Uganda. For sheer profusion of wildlife, no place in the world can match Tanzania's Serengeti National Park, with its 350,000 wildebeests and 150,000 zebras. Ngorongoro Crater, 32 miles to the southeast, is an enormous extinct volcanic crater (10 miles across, 2,000 ft. deep), and supports large numbers of wild canines. In Uganda, there are such natural attractions as Murchison Falls National Park, famed for its cataract and crocodiles, and the pygmies of the Ituri Forest.

Mauled Hunter. New low, jet airline fares (\$754 round trip between Nairobi and New York) and East Africa's deliberately high license fees and strict hunting limits have combined to make the camera *safari* an attractive, middle-class substitute for the aristocratic trophy hunt. "People coming to Africa with just cameras don't want trophies on their walls," says Patrick Hemingway, 40, the novelist's son and a one-time professional hunter turned ecologist. "On photo safaris people can take pictures of the same animal over and over again, while they can only hunt and kill it once." Other white hunters seem to be coming around to Hemingway's point of view. In a Dar es Salaam waterfront hotel last week, Don Rundgren, 28, exhibited a badly scarred chin and right arm—mauled by a leopard that had been wounded by an inept hunting client. "I'm all for camera safaris," he said. "People shoot straighter with a camera than with a gun."



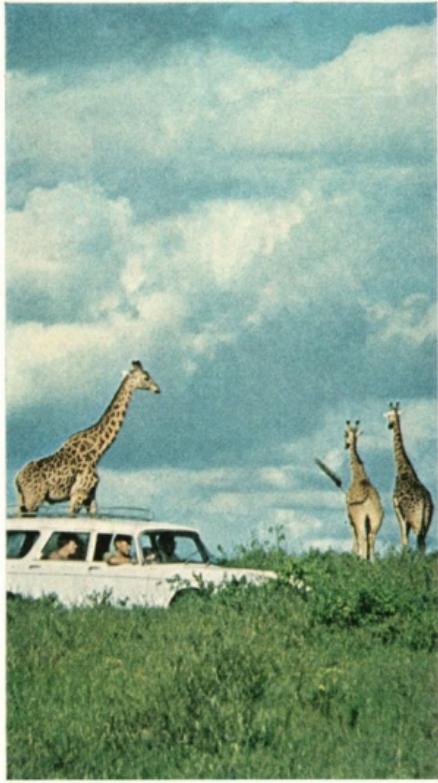
In Tanzania's Manyara National Park, tourists photograph zebras from an appropriately camouflaged bus.

DALE L. RAY



Vacationing children keep their distance as they watch a small herd of elephants in Kenya's Masai Mara Game Reserve.

RON KARZ



ERNEST GAY

Giraffes calmly ignore tourist car as they graze in Nairobi National Park, only five miles away from Kenya's capital city.



STE MARTIN

At Treetops, a lodge on stilts in Aberdare National Park, Kenya, guests watch an elephant wander nonchalantly past.

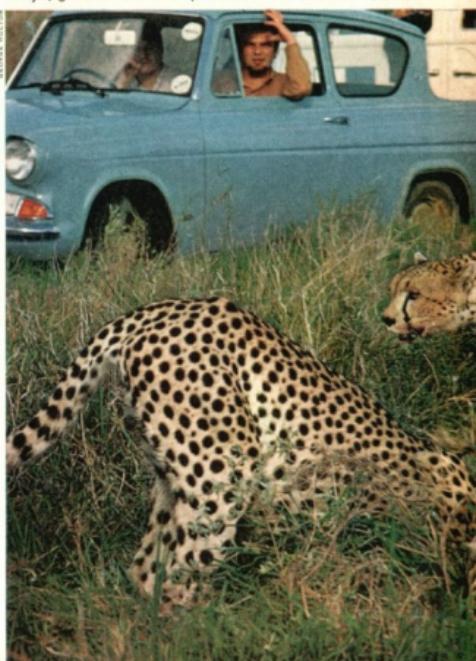


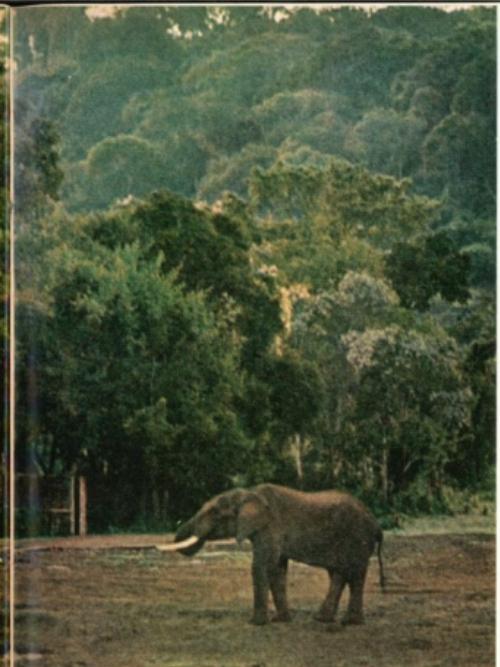
GEORGE HILTON



CHRISTIE ARMSTRONG—RAPPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Weary photographers on safari in Uganda relax under a canopy in Queen Elizabeth National Park.

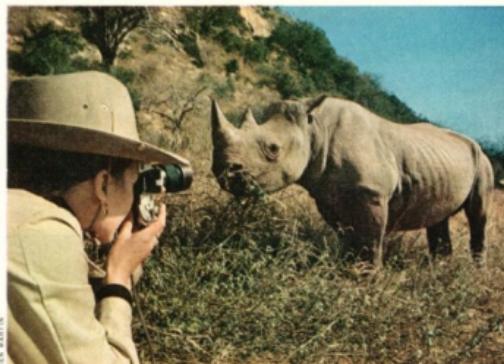




Unperturbed by their audience, a group of cheetahs feed on an impala they have killed in Nairobi National Park.



Ignoring a nearby photographer, a male lion in Nairobi National Park leisurely devours the remains of a gnu.



A woman moves close to shoot rhinoceros named Rufus in Tsavo National Park, Kenya, the world's largest game reserve.



Baboons calmly hitch a ride on a tourist's car as it travels along road crossing the plains of Kenya.



Herds of antelope graze on plain in Ishasha, Uganda.

CHRISTA ARMSTRONG—RAPHA-GUILLUMETTE



Flamingos feed and fly in Nakuru National Park, Kenya, the largest and most spectacular bird sanctuary in the world.

MUSIC

The Master's Voice

What was on Beethoven's mind during those mundane moments when he was not working on the *Ninth Symphony* or the *C Sharp Minor Quartet*? Women, for one thing. The wife of a certain conductor, Beethoven once confided to a friend, had "a magnificent fancy from the side." Another concern in Beethoven's bachelor household was how to obtain writing paper, domestic help and food—fish, oysters and Hungarian wines were his special favorites—as cheaply as possible. That was important, since Beethoven was one of the greatest penny pinchers who ever lived. He was delighted to receive a fountain pen that held ink for five days, to hear about a new fragrance for men that supposedly was better than eau de cologne. In his last years, he made a brief effort to master one of the few arts he had never learned as a child—multiplication.

These and other diverse details of the towering romantic's everyday life are revealed in a fascinating series of books now being prepared for publication by music scholars in East Berlin. They are known as Beethoven's "Conversation Notebooks." To judge from a wide sampling shown TIME's Bonn Correspondent Peter Range, reading the notebooks is like sitting down with the master and his friends and listening to them chat. Says George Marek, author of a massive recent Beethoven life:⁸ "The notebooks give us the picture of Beethoven the real man. They tell us why he was displeased with his publishers, what books he wanted to buy, even about his indigestion."

Unmistakable Style. Chatting, perhaps, is not quite the word to describe communication with Beethoven. Nor is eavesdropping. From the age of 45, he was totally deaf, and anyone who wanted to talk to him had to write out the message. For this purpose, Beethoven would obligingly pull a pencil and a rumpled 5-in. by 7-in. notebook out of his pocket and offer them to visitors. Because he usually replied orally, the conversation books are as one-sided as one half of a telephone call. Yet they make clear what Beethoven was thinking about, and where he occasionally wrote in the books himself—usually for a comment that he did not want others in the room to overhear—the blunt style is unmistakable. Nephew Karl brings home a somewhat seedy friend, and Beethoven jots down: "I don't like your choice of this friend at all. Poverty deserves sympathy, but not without exceptions."

Beethoven was not one to throw things out. After his death in 1827, about 400 Conversation Notebooks were found. His Boswell—the devoted but officious



COLLIER PICTURES

BEETHOVEN IN HIS STUDY
Scoldings and scandals writ by hand.

Anton Schindler—collected them all, then destroyed about 260 as unimportant, uninteresting or, in the case of two books of conversations with a violinist whom Schindler despised, because "they contained the grossest and most boundless criticism of the Kaiser and Crown Prince. . . ." Schindler sold 137 books to the Staatsbibliothek (State Library) in what is now East Berlin, and there they lay for more than a century. A previous attempt to publish the notebooks got as far as three volumes, but was halted by World War II.

More recently, the dusty notebooks became part of a game of espionage and cold war politics. A phony musicologist named Wolfgang Krüger-Riebow, apparently a double agent in the employ of both West Germany and Poland, worked himself up to the job of the Staatsbibliothek's music-division director. In 1950, he stole many of the library's rare manuscripts, including the conversation books. When his cover was blown

during a trip to West Germany, the books were turned over to the Beethoven Archives in Bonn. In 1960, Bonn sent them back to East Berlin, and Karl-Heinz Köhler, music director of the Staatsbibliothek, embarked on the task of editing them and publishing them. The going was slow. The books are not dated, and the old German script is filled with archaic colloquialisms. Still, one volume (containing ten notebooks) is out, another is due in March, and by 1980 the twelfth and last volume should be ready.

A Hot Property. The available notebooks contain no Olympian revelations, but they will resolve many a puzzling cadence for scholars re-examining Beethoven's life during the bicentennial of his birth this year. They show that Beethoven never discussed the act of composing with friends, only how much he should be paid for a given composition. During his last illness he read omnivorously from Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott (both in German translation). He planned (but never wrote) a fairy-tale opera called *Melusine*, a new Mass as well as an oratorio to be called *The Victory of the Cross*. Perhaps the most moving entry in the notebooks is one by Nephew Karl, whom Beethoven badgered unwisely in the hope that he would succeed as a scholar. The boy emerges from the pages of the notebooks as an agreeable fellow, though certainly no intellectual. Beethoven realized this truth only after Karl attempted suicide and, recovering in bed, wrote in his uncle's book: "It just happened. Don't torment me now with reproach."

From then on, Beethoven trusted and relied on Karl as though they were father and son. As soon as the master thought he had come up with a hot property in the *Ninth Symphony*, he sent Karl out knocking on embassy doors all over town. Would the King of England or Archduke Rudolf like to be the proud possessor of an original score by Beethoven? Indeed they would. Ten such buyers paid 50 ducats (equivalent to about \$50 today) each for the "original," but what the old genius actually sent them were copies handwritten by local scribes.

DANCE

Manhattan, Wry and Sweet

George Balanchine's 115th ballet is an evocative tribute to a corner of his own past. *Who Cares?*, which was given its world première by the New York City Ballet last week, is a nostalgic, gently ironic reminder that "Mr. B." spent a few lean years in the '30s as a creator of dance for stage musicals. In *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, which he designed for the 1936 Rodgers and Hart hit, *On Your Toes*, Balanchine brought a touch of ballet to Broadway. *Who Cares?* brings back a

little bit of old Broadway to ballet.

It is set to 17 lilting show tunes by Balanchine's longtime friend, George Gershwin. The backdrop is a softly focused photo of the Manhattan skyline, suggesting the unreal city of cities in countless half-remembered Astaire musicals. The casual costumes look as if they might have dressed the working chorus in a hundred would-be *Show Boat*s that never made it down the Hudson. Only the opening and closing numbers, *Strike Up the Band* and *I Got Rhythm*, have so far been orchestrated for a brassy pit band. The rest of the eve-

⁸ *Beethoven: Biography of a Genius*, Funk & Wagnalls, \$10.

A director of clinical medicine at a major pharmaceutical company makes decisions that can be important to you and your family. And he wonders what you would do if you were making the decisions.

"If a drug could restore your health would you accept the risk of side effects?"

On occasion, I've read in newspapers and popular magazines about side effects of drugs. They imply that they are there because of something I or the people I work with have done. Or have not done. The truth is that every potent drug can cause side effects. If it didn't have any at all, it couldn't possibly do any good. The question is one of benefits versus potential risks.

Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future, too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

Another point of view . . .

*Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

MARTHA SWOPE



JACQUES D'AMBOISE & PATRICIA McBRIDE
Good enough to bottle for export.

ning the dancers were accompanied by Pianist Gordon Boelzner, plunking away in imitation of Gershwin's strutting, ragtimey style. (In one number, *Clap Yo' Hands*, the dancers prance across the stage to the sound of Gershwin's own piano playing, recorded in 1926 and raspily reproduced on tape.) The solo piano is pure serendipity—suggesting the feverish, will-the-show-go-on mood of a storybook Great White Way that never was.

In other hands, *Who Cares?* could have been nothing but return to camp. Balanchine has too much pride in his own past and too much love for the American stage for that. In structure, the solos, pas de deux and dances for the corps are almost chastely classical; yet Broadway keeps breaking in. After a serene, supple lift, two dancers will suddenly embrace in a highly stylized foxtrot. A sequence of pirouettes will lead into a flashy split or a sensual side step. The incongruities somehow blend into a consistent display of Balanchine's mastery of forms. *Who Cares?*, in fact, is practically an anthology in action of his knowledge of dance. Male Lead Jacques D'Amboise has separate pas de deux with three different ballerinas (Marnee Morris, Patricia McBride, Karin von Aroldingen). The mood of each dance is bittersweet romantic; yet they are wholly different in shape, tempo and feeling. And Balanchine's leaping, exactingly athletic solo for D'Amboise, in *Liza*, should forever dispel the snide rumor that he does not choreograph well for male dancers.

Just before the première, Mayor John Lindsay presented Balanchine with the city's Handel Medallion in recognition of his cultural contributions to New York. "If we could bottle the New York City Ballet," said Lindsay, "it would be the city's finest export." Then *Who Cares?* returned the compliment by offering a splendid sampling: Manhattan, old-fashioned, wry and sweet.



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"OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling"...

There are two national problems which we believe no materials producer should ignore: litter and conservation. Fortunately, because of the nature of our metal, aluminum, Reynolds has been able to develop some answers in both areas.

Indestructible aluminum is re-usable

First, aluminum has scrap value; it is virtually indestructible. It resists corrosion, will not rust. It can be remelted, re-alloyed, and re-used—economically. And the need for and uses of this strong, lightweight metal multiply yearly.

So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We have successfully



tested different approaches in Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to add other cities this year.

Using aluminum's scrap value

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum can collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own needs. As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter.

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example, brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for steel and \$16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

Mines—not scrap heaps

Although there is an abundant supply of aluminum for the foreseeable future, the fact remains

that the supply is not unlimited—and aluminum usage has been doubling roughly every ten years. This need not be a problem if we capitalize on aluminum's re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the world's aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. This could be even higher.

Countless products provide "mines" of aluminum, ready to be tapped. Not only aluminum cans and packages, but the aluminum in appliances, automobile parts, building products, even railroad cars can and should be reclaimed when they've finished their useful service.



Scouts and many other organizations fight litter and raise money by collecting all-aluminum cans.

New Reynolds reclamation plant

We at the Reynolds Metals Company have launched our effort toward this goal—not only with

our anti-litter can collecting programs, but with a major investment in reclamation facilities, as well. (An additional Reynolds reclamation plant will be producing usable aluminum from scrap this year.)



Reclamation plants which produce aluminum from scrap help conserve our natural resources.

Efforts such as these, we believe, will do much to reduce the solid waste disposal problem, and help stretch our natural resources. *Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LI, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*



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BUSINESS

The Struggle to Cope with Recession

ECONOMISTS may debate whether or not the U.S. economy is in a recession, but many businessmen know that their own companies or industries are caught in a serious slump—and they are taking steps to cope with it. Seldom has the transition from buoyant optimism to spreading doubt come so abruptly for such a large cross section of manufacturers. As a result, businessmen are paying new attention to costs and gaining added respect for the old-fashioned virtue of thrift. In pursuit of more efficiency, executives are questioning old operating methods, eliminating frills, curtailing the output of unprofitable or barely profitable products and, of course, firing unneeded workers.

Almost all companies have devised internal economy drives. Overlooking no small economies, Boeing circulated a memo noting that the company would save \$100,000 a year if all unneeded lights were turned out promptly. North American Rockwell banned the use of company planes by fewer than three executives. Allied Chemical will put out an annual report of only 16 pages compared with last year's 25. At Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., President William Getty began personally checking the expense accounts of executives reporting to him.

Often the impact of such penny pinching is mostly psychological, instilling within employees the realization that hard times are at hand. Still, companies that have a well planned overall approach to cost cutting get impressive results. Pittsburgh's PPG Industries two months ago began bringing small groups of employees together in "value analysis sessions," and has already discovered how to save \$200,000 a year by trimming paper work. TWA set out to save \$25 million in 1968, and since then has reduced its annual operating expenses by \$54 million. The airline saved \$450,000 in import taxes alone by switching to U.S.-made dinnerware.

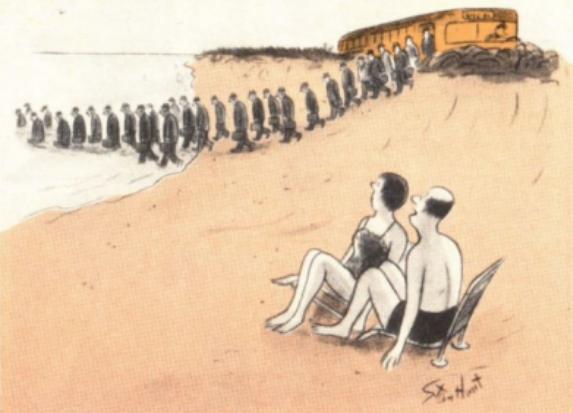
To Collect. Companies from the largest steel manufacturers to the smallest clothing retailers are now slower to pay their bills. "Everyone is trying to live off everyone else's money," notes a Pittsburgh valve maker. Adds Irving Zeiger, owner of five manufacturing companies in Southern California: "No one, but no one, pays in 30 days. There is no money in the country—period." The squeeze is being felt all along the line. Big companies delay in paying their smaller suppliers, who in turn string out their payments to the two- and three-man shops that they buy from. "One of the problems," says Dan Bryant, president of Bekins Moving and Storage, "is how to collect your bills without irritating people."

Managers are scrambling to get the most out of their money. More than ever, they are trying to earn extra income with their cash flow by buying and selling short-term commercial paper, Treasury bills, and Eurodollars—even for a weekend. Financial vice presidents and accountants, always key men in management, are becoming increasingly important. Some companies use creative accounting maneuvers to raise their short-term profits—for example, amortizing over several years costs that in fatter times were simply deducted from profits all at once. "I have never known a period in which clients have made more ingenious suggestions,"

14,400 jobs; this year it expects to drop 18,000 more employees. The company, which has been beset by aerospace cutbacks and fears a falloff in airline orders, dropped 5,040 workers in January alone. Last week the Labor Department reported that total U.S. unemployment had increased sharply from an annual rate of 3.5% in December to 3.9% in January, the highest level since October 1967. By historical standards, that is still low for a time of recession. One reason that the rate has not risen higher is that many companies are hoarding scarce skilled labor.

Even so, the automakers, whose year-to-year sales were down 16.5% in Jan-

DRAWING BY STAN HUNT; © 1971 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"I'D HEARD THAT THAT COMPANY WASN'T DOING SO WELL."

says a partner in a Manhattan accounting firm.

While accountants are rising to greater glory, salesmen are under new pressure. They are finding that the telephone is no longer a substitute for a personal visit. "They have to become salesmen again," says Eugene Jannuzzi, chairman of Pennsylvania's Moltrup Steel Products Co. There is a much longer delay between a customer's inquiries and the actual placement of orders. Robert Dickey III, president of Pittsburgh's barge-making Dravo Corp., complains that customers now wait until the last minute to seal deals that would have been immediately snapped up six months ago.

Early Retirement. At many companies, people are the most readily cuttable expense. Boeing reduced its payroll \$75 million last year by eliminating

1,036,033 U.S. workers for an "indefinite" period. U.S. Steel has furloughed 1,200, and more temporary layoffs are expected this month. The company is also thinning the ranks of office workers and executives, aiming to reduce its salaried payroll by 10% or more. One \$20,000 middle manager, who had been with U.S. Steel for 35 of his 62 years, received only two weeks' notice that he was to be retired. More disappointed than bitter, he said: "It seems to me that I deserved more than that—at least two or three months." The question of sufficient advance warning bedevils the executives who have to break the news. Some officers insist that short notice is better than several months because the presence of resentful early retirees might affect the morale of other workers.

To save money, many plans are be-

ing deferred or stretched out. The steel industry last year reduced its capital spending from a projected \$2.4 billion to \$2.1 billion, and hardly any industry leaders still expect this year's forecast of \$2.2 billion to hold up. Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Corp. is switching the product mix of its flat-rolled steel line; the company plans to produce fewer unfinished items and more higher-priced finished steels used for auto bodies and appliances. Aluminum Co. of America is dropping some marginally profitable lines, notably welded tubing and automobile pistons. Inventories are coming

under closer scrutiny. Ford announced two weeks ago that it will soon shutter its Pittsburgh parts warehouse and send parts by truck directly from Detroit.

The companies in the best position to cope with a slowdown are those that were as cost-conscious during prosperous years as they are in the lean. One of the best cost-analysis programs is that of Continental Can Co., which in 1963 began setting annual goals of "method improvement." For example, instead of producing cans at one central plant and shipping them to customers—"moving a lot of air around

the country," as one executive says—the company located its sheet-steel processing plants near the steel mills. Then it shipped the sheet, cut to size and printed with the customer's product name, to fabricating facilities located close to—and sometimes inside the plants of—the major users. The overall program has produced savings of \$8,000,000 a year, or nearly \$50 million since it began. Two weeks ago, when some other companies were reporting substantially lower profits, Continental Can announced that its earnings rose 8.3% last year to \$90.4 million.

What It Is Like to be Laid Off

UNEMPLOYMENT in the U.S. no longer means breadlines and deprivation, but the reality of joblessness still brings painful changes to the people who make up the statistics. If unemployment continues long enough, it can often lead to the loss of one's home or car, to the unpleasant need of relocating in another part of the country, or to personal discouragement. The effects on three typical families:

THE MACHINIST. In Seattle, where widespread unemployment creates a here-today, gone-tomorrow mood, the current definition of an optimist is a Boeing worker who brings his lunch to the job. One man who can appreciate that grim joke is Vern Higgins, 44, a precision machinist at Boeing until last month, when he was laid off after eight years on the job. Higgins grossed \$168 a week; now he collects exactly \$168 once a month in state unemployment compensations. From that, Higgins pays \$108 on the small suburban house in which he, his wife and their four children live. Utilities and medical coverage take up all the rest. Food and all other living expenses come out of savings, and soon there will be none left.

Higgins has been looking for work in Seattle and Tacoma. "Believe me," he says, "there's just nothing in the way of a job. Wherever you go, they won't even talk to you most of the time." At one company, he filled out an application but found that 50 to 75 men had already been there. The Higgins family hopes to keep its house, though Vern says: "I have heard about others with less equity in homes out here who have just walked away from them in the last 30 days."

THE STEELWORKER. "When things started slowing down, I knew I'd get it," says Ray Russo, 29, a veteran of U.S. Steel's Irvin Works near Pittsburgh. Because of reduced demand for auto-bumpers steel, Russo was dropped down last month from coil feeder to laborer, and his take-home pay was cut from about \$135 weekly to \$85. Three weeks ago, he got a blues slip notifying him that he was "furloughed." He is among the lucky ones. Furloughed workers keep their

identification badges and locker keys; they can be recalled without the red tape of physical examinations and other re-entry procedures that "laid off" workers must go through if they are rehired.

Russo's wife works as a bank teller. His unemployment compensation plus the United Steelworkers' jobless benefits will add up to as much as his take-home pay as a laborer. "I've been through this before," says Russo. "At first it's like a paid vacation, but then you have too much time on your hands, and you begin to worry." The most nagging worry: if Russo is off for six months, he will lose Blue Cross coverage. Money pinch or not, Ray Russo has no plans to look for work because that would wipe out unemployment benefits and supplemental compensation.

THE SPACE SPECIALIST. Jose Jimenez (no kin to the Bill Dana comedy character) is a former Navy lieutenant commander who spent the past seven years at North American Rockwell's plant in Downey, Calif., as an Apollo command-module training officer. At 44, he has enough plaques, awards, citations and pins to wall up a suburban picture window. Last September he was let go as part of an 8% reduction of aerospace and systems employees because of federal budget cuts. "I didn't think it would happen to me," says Jimenez.

He was earning \$1,200 a month and had saved about \$5,000 despite supporting a wife and seven children. Three weeks after being laid off, he put down all of his savings, plus about \$13,000 borrowed from his father, and opened a franchised Tastee Freez stand. "I am working my butt off," he says about his 16-hour days and seven-day weeks. Jimenez went into business for himself because he did not want to leave the Downey area. "I had four or five offers, but they were all outside the state." He has a mortgage, but can just meet the payments, and his family helps out by working at the stand. While at North American Rockwell, Jimenez had been studying food franchising for some time; he knows that some of his friends were not so farsighted.



HIGGINS



RUSSO



JIMENEZ

IN 27 STATES, THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE TO PASS TO RENEW YOUR DRIVERS LICENSE IS A MAIL BOX.



It's crazy, but true.

In over two dozen states you simply renew your driver's license by mail.

Even if you've gone partially blind.

Even if you've forgotten the driving laws.

Or just plain forgotten how to drive.

Who's to know?

Well, now you do. And now you can do something about these dangerous mail-order drivers.

You can help the people in your state who are trying to improve driver licensing. By telling your state legislators you support the National Highway Safety Bureau's plan to stiffen licensing procedures. To require a mandatory driver re-examination every four years.

Until then, if you think the driver in front of you needs his head examined, you may be right.

STATE FARM MUTUAL
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois



WALL STREET Jawboning the Market?

On Wall Street these days, an eight-year-old book—*Six Crises*, by Richard Nixon—is attracting many new readers. The part that fascinates them is a description of Dr. Arthur Burns' warning to Nixon in March 1960 that unless money was made easier, a recession could set in and cost him the presidency. Nixon wrote: "Burns' conclusion was that unless some decisive governmental action was taken, and taken soon, we were heading for another economic dip which would hit its low point in October, just before the elections."

Nixon realizes that those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it. Plainly, he has begun to fear



TREASURY'S KENNEDY

Trying to avoid the seventh crisis.

the dangerous economic consequences of recession. He and several major aides lately have sounded as if they were trying to raise expectations—and public pressure—for easier money, and simultaneously to use the jawbone to slay the stock market's bears.

Two weeks ago Nixon expressed hope that "the time is coming" when credit restraint can be relaxed. The next day, at Burns' swearing-in as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the President turned a round of applause for Burns to his purpose: "You see, Dr. Burns, that is a standing vote of appreciation in advance for lower interest rates and more money." However, at week's end Burns appeared before the House Banking and Currency Committee and gave no further hint of any impending credit relaxation. Even so, his deftness in fielding the questions so impressed Chairman Wright Patman, an old-time foe of the Fed, that the Texan told Burns, "You fell on your feet like a cat every time." Earlier in the week, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy had

predicted that lower rates "may be closer at hand than most people realize." Then Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, swung the jawbone. In a speech at Yale, he refused to predict when money would become easier, but said that he saw reason "for a modest amount of optimism and hope."

Covering His Risks. All those words had only a temporary effect. Nixon's remarks caused stock prices to close higher for the first time in a week and a half. The next day the Dow-Jones industrial average fell again until early afternoon; then it overreached to Kennedy's words by jumping more than 14 points in half an hour. But the extreme euphoria soon wore off, and stocks seesawed inconclusively, closing at 753 on the Dow-Jones, nine points higher than the previous week.

Wall Streeters parochially felt that the Administration's encouraging words were calculated to alleviate the stock market's phthisis. While they were not entirely wrong, Nixon was thinking of much more. His political advisers view inflationary recession as the riskiest ballot-box issue of the year and the President is trying to cover his losses—just in case. He has continually said that he foresees no recession. But he sent a delicately balanced budget to Congress and warned that the Democrats had better not take chances by upsetting it. In addition, he started jawboning for easier money. If a real recession does hit, Nixon has his scapegoats ready: a Democratic Congress and an independent Federal Reserve—but not him.

Western Suspicion. Providing bannisters for wounded investors is not high on Nixon's list of priorities. In spite of five years in a Wall Street law firm, he still has some Western suspicion of Eastern financiers. The President does not have a Dow-Jones ticker in or near his office. The market is rarely a topic of serious discussion among White House staff members or government economic advisers.

The bond market is the Wall Street figure Economist McCracken most frequently consults. He regards it as a better guide than stocks; when bond yields start going down, he believes that people are regaining their faith in the real value of the dollar. As for the stock market, one of Nixon's economic aides remarked: "Some of these guys on Wall Street made a goddam fortune from inflation; they tripled their money in three years. Do they expect us to bail them out when we try to step on inflation and the market goes bad?"

In fact, Wall Street is no longer a club for the self-satisfied rich. An estimated 26 million Americans own stock directly, and 75 million more have an indirect stake through mutual funds and profit-sharing and pension plans. In the Cabinet Committee on Economics, the stock market is occasionally a topic for jokes—and some nervous laughter. To one out of two Americans, the subject right now is not very funny.

ENTREPRENEURS The Investment Showman

In the beginning, there was total darkness. Then charts blinked blindingly on and off five screens as an electronic-music sound track filled the New York Hilton ballroom with Tarzanlike cries, boos and whistles. Next, harp music played while the screens flashed images of the sybaritic life—money, an island sunset, girls. Finally, a slender, gold-shirted young man with flowing sideburns mounted the podium. To belt out a rock paean to hedonism? No, to denounce the Securities and Exchange Commission for not sufficiently ana-

PETER POLYMERAKOS



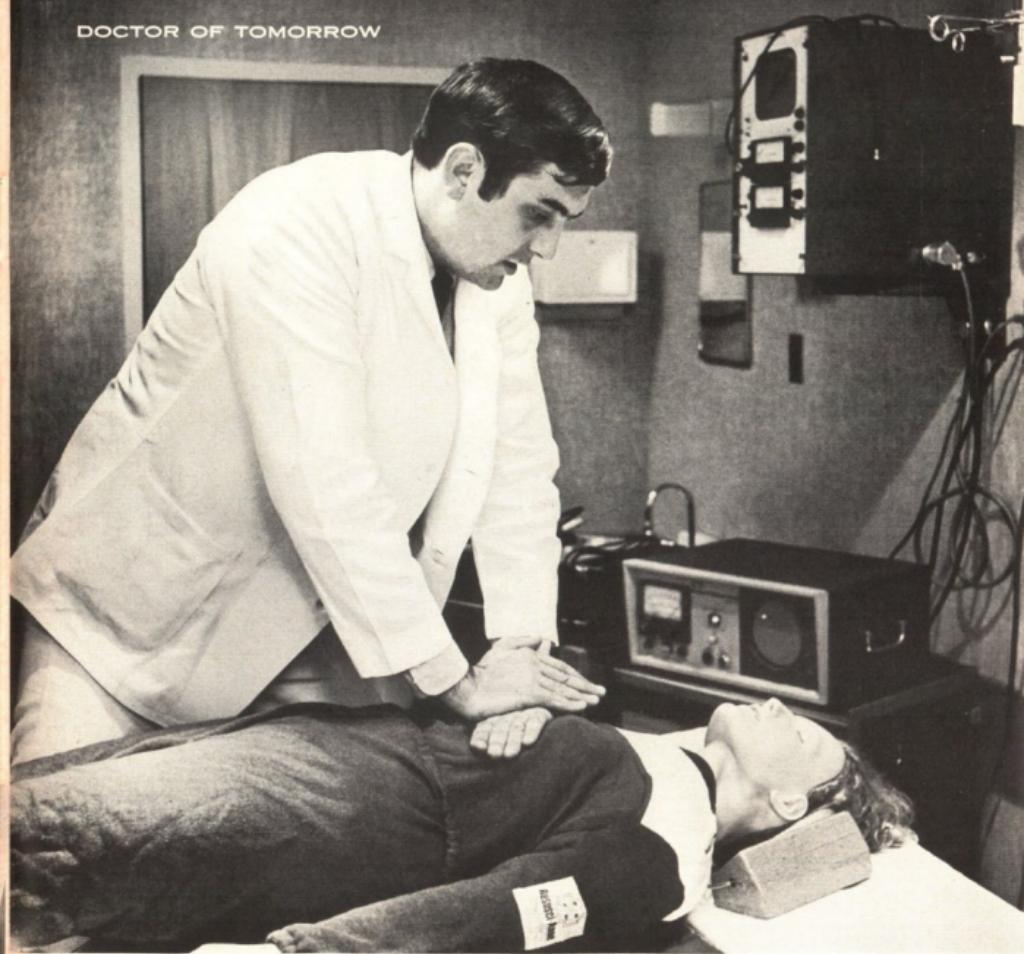
KAPLAN & CORNFELD
Tarzanlike cries in the ballroom.

lyzing the economic impact of its regulatory decisions.

The audience was not disappointed. It consisted of more than 2,100 brokers, bankers and other businessmen, who had paid \$325 each last week (all together nearly \$700,000) to attend the third annual Institutional Investor conference, an affair that could have been called *Gold Diggers of 1970*. They expected, with good reason, to be provided with both entertainment and provocative comments on the management of money. Those are the elements that the speaker, 28-year-old Gilbert E. Kaplan, has mixed to create one of the fastest-growing businesses on Wall Street and a personal net worth of about \$3,000,000.

Kaplan's conclaves, held in the U.S. and Europe, feature what he describes as "a bit of show biz" and big-name speakers who get fees as high as \$3,000. They discourse on trends and ideas in and out of the market that Kaplan

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Heart attacks to order

It's man against time as a perspiring student struggles to massage back to life the heart of this electronic dummy.

The lifelike new teaching machine can telescope into hours the experience and practice that might otherwise take years. It serves up various disturbed heart rhythms to order. It responds to treatment like a human patient. With its heart monitor screen and electrocardiograph tape, it lets a student see and later study the effect of what he does.

It's one more way a doctor-to-be can pack today's expanding medical knowledge into his already crowded years

of study and training. Those ten costly, rigorous years that prepare him to serve your family and you.

You'll find a parallel in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. Here, too, we use advanced electronic time savers. But it still takes long, costly years of experiment to create even one new and better medicine to help your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence

A-H-ROBINS

thinks will interest investors. At last week's three-day affair, Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader urged institutional investors to press corporate managements to do more about safety and pollution control. Mutual Fund Millionaire Bernard Cornfeld warned that the Viet Nam War and U.S. social turmoil were making American investments less attractive to Europeans, and Newcastle's David Brinkley spoke about the inefficiency of Government bureaucracy.

Mini-Empire. A former economist at the American Stock Exchange, Kaplan has built a mini-empire based on the exchange of ideas. In 1967 he thought that the influential men who run investing institutions—mutual funds, pension funds, trusts—should have a magazine written specifically for them. With modest bankrolling from Gerald Bronfman (of the liquor family), relatives and friends, he launched *The Institutional Investor*. "The Double Eye," as *I.I.* is dubbed, is now an ad-packed monthly that is sent free to 20,000 portfolio managers and big brokers. The magazine quickly became the foundation for a company, Institutional Investor Systems, that today also publishes *Corporate Financing* (six issues a year), three business directories, and transcripts and tapes of business seminars. In addition, it organizes conferences for businessmen and bankers. Results for fiscal 1969: a net profit of \$213,000 on revenues of \$1,777,000.

Such a business could be staid. But Kaplan has taken aim at a growing audience—basically the younger, more aggressive, often fun-loving money managers. They appreciate pizazz as well as ideas. He gives them both. *The Institutional Investor*, for example, goes in for Pop art; one cover, on the New York Stock Exchange specialist system, showed a cavalry and Indians scene. The magazine is edited by George J. W. Goodman, the "Adam Smith" who wrote *The Money Game*, and writers can fairly easily earn \$30,000 a year in salary, bonus and profits on stock options.

Bundle for Britain. In person, Kaplan, son of a Manhattan textile man, is hardly as flamboyant as his productions. He takes a novice gourmet's interest in food and wine, but he lives simply in a three-bedroom bachelor apartment. He plays the harpsichord and is studying Japanese because he feels that Japan will be "the country of the future." He muses about how he might help "to unlock some of those billions managed by our readers so that they benefit society instead of private interests." To that end, he is investigating ways of directing investments into city slums.

Like any young tycoon, he is brimming over with expansion projects. Among them: starting a consumer finance magazine, buying an art magazine, and taking more of his bundle into Britain, where the institutional-investment community has not as yet found anyone with Kaplan's flair.

ADVERTISING

A Matter of Taste

Nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public.

—H. L. Mencken

Quite a few advertising men apparently accept Mencken's waspish assessment. Though much current advertising is superior by any standards, there is an abundance of tasteless, exaggerated or misleading ads. Today's increasingly sophisticated consumer is exposed to 1,600 selling messages a day, and he feels abused or insulted by many. As a result, shoddy and deceptive advertising is the subject of growing debate inside and outside the profession.

The Government is deeply concerned. Last week Bryce Harlow, national af-

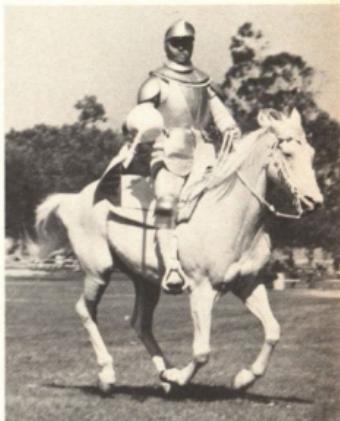
tasy, in which humor and Madison Avenue mythology explore hard-sell claims to product superiority. The agencies have created an unearthly band of mnemonic miracle-makers—a White Knight, a Green Phantom, Josephine the lady plumber, Mr. Clean the bacteriophobic eunuch, and the Man from Glad, who is gussied up in platinum hairdo and white trench coat. In one ad, a failing used-car salesman takes a dollop of Listerine mouthwash, and customers start buying without waiting for the sales pitch. In another commercial, a bespectacled, frumpish old maid uses Ice Blue Secret deodorant and is transformed into a glamorous beauty; presumably, even her eyesight is improved because at the end she no longer wears glasses.

Adman Stan Freberg, the shrewd and witty president of Freberg Ltd., be-



MAN FROM GLAD

How will it go over in the Sudetenland?



AJAX WHITE KNIGHT

fairs counselor to President Nixon, warned a Washington conference of the American Advertising Federation that agency officials must monitor more closely the claims they make for products or else face speedier federal intervention. He pointed to a number of bills in the House and Senate, all supported by the Administration, that would give the Federal Trade Commission immediate power to seek preliminary injunctions against deceptive ads. Now the FTC often must wage lengthy court battles in order to make a company delete misleading claims. But if it were armed with a preliminary injunction, the commission could act before, instead of after a court decision. Said Harlow: "The existence of this power in the FTC does create the possibility of a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign being stopped in its tracks."

Outright deception is rare. Many commercials retreat into a world of pure fan-

ties that ads generally have never been worse. "Tastefulness is probably the last thing an agency thinks about," he says. "The only thing lower on the scale is, 'How will this ad be received in the Sudetenland?'" To Freberg, all that is unbelievable and insulting in advertising is contained in a commercial for Head & Shoulders shampoo, in which a bride takes time out from her wedding preparations to deal with her father's dandruff. The father's punch line: "I haven't lost a daughter; I've gained a dandruff shampoo."

The bad taste of many ads for detergents, household cleaners and such personal-care items as mouthwashes and hair rinses is generally conceded by most advertising men. Officials of agencies creating these ads explain that such products, because they deal with dirt and unpleasant aspects of life, are difficult to sell gracefully. Ted Bates & Co. produced a television commercial



No one understands the tribulations of the traveling businessman better than Chevrolet.

Thus: the Impala Custom Coupe.

It's got a 250-hp 350 V8 engine that's great for making up minutes or miles or just keeping you on schedule.

Self assuring power disc brakes. Full Coil suspension with computer

selected springs to help smooth out non-select roads. Astro Ventilation.

Features like steel side guard beams and an anti-theft system that locks both ignition and steering column.

You'll find all the trunk space a traveler needs. And our very un-businesslike interior, with lots of sound deadening, ride softening in-

gredients, leaves you a little more relaxed when you finally do make it home.

No one really likes to live in a car. But when it seems like you do, make it a car you can live with.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

**If it seems like
you live in your car,
make it a car you
can live with.**

for Colgate 100 mouthwash in which one woman confides to another: "My boyfriend said my breath would kill an elephant." According to Robert Castle, a Bates senior vice president, the ad revived the product's sagging sales. Says he: "You cannot sell mouthwashes with Bermuda beaches." On the other side, John O'Toole, president of Foote, Cone & Belding, contends that "the people who create offensive ads are on a level with people polluting the atmosphere; they are destroying the credibility of advertising."

Cluttered Screen. A number of agency officials also fear that television's impact is being rapidly dissipated because the home screen has become so cluttered with commercials. In order to promote an avalanche of new products, advertisers often squeeze commercials for two or more products into a one-minute time slot that was formerly devoted to a single item. One critic, Herbert Manlove, vice president of Batten Barton Durstine and Osborn, reports that in 1964 there were 1,990 different commercials a month on network television, and more than 60% ran longer than 30 seconds. By 1968, TV was carrying 3,022 commercials a month, and only 20% were longer than 30 seconds.

The result is a series of rapid-fire presentations that often confuse the viewer. Fairly typically, a recent one-hour segment of *Rebel Without a Cause*, shown in the late afternoon, was interrupted by six commercial breaks totaling 16 minutes. Kenneth Cox, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, complained last week that one station, WAGF in Dothan, Ala., shows 41 minutes of commercials in an hour. Since the number of commercials is limited only by a voluntary but unenforceable code of the National Association of Broadcasters,* the FCC feels powerless to cut the clutter.

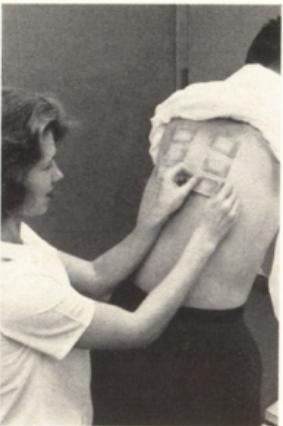
Because the differences among so many competing products are as vague as a pitchman's promise, many agency officials believe that some exaggeration and clutter are inevitable. BBDO's Manlove argues that exaggeration is a part of doing business and does no real wrong to the consumer. "Advertising," he says, "is what made America America." Taking a somewhat different tack, James Durfee, president of Carl Ally, Inc., believes that much advertising is gross, but that it often reflects the society it serves. Advertising could be improved, he says, if the agencies refused to knock under to insensitive advertisers who think that the only sell is the hard sell. The ad world's most influential innovator, William Bernbach, chairman of Doyle Dane Bernbach, has little patience with tasteless or deceptive ads. "The big thing," he says, "is recognizing that honesty sells. There is no

reason why honesty cannot be combined with the skills of persuasion. People are shouted at by so many manufacturers today that they don't know what to believe."

CONSUMERISM

Enzymes in Hot Water

Introduced with splashy promotion campaigns less than three years ago, enzyme pre-soaks like Procter & Gamble's Biz and Colgate-Palmolive's Axion quickly became household words and laundry staples. Enzymes were then added to most detergents. Today, brands containing enzymes account for at least 60% of the \$1.5 billion U.S. market for pre-soaks and detergents. Now, government officials in both the U.S. and



PATCH-TESTING ON SKIN
Questioning the miracle.

Britain are examining the enzymes for possible health hazards.

Official interest was first quickened by an article last June in the London medical journal, the *Lancet*, which reported that an unusually large number of workers exposed to enzyme dust at P & G's detergent plant in Newcastle suffered from asthmatic symptoms and skin irritations. Some dermatologists agree that enzymes, which split the proteins of stains made by chocolate, blood, gravy and other materials the way the stomach decomposes food, might also break down the skin's fatty protective layer and cause inflammation, cracked skin and swelling. Though most specialists believe that more research is necessary before any clear conclusion can be drawn, a rising number of Britons have complained of skin irritations caused by enzyme detergents. The Home Office two weeks ago announced a preliminary study of hospitals to determine whether a full investigation is warranted.

In the U.S., enzyme cleansers are

being investigated by three Government agencies. The Federal Trade Commission began a study in December to determine long-term effects of enzyme detergents. An official of the Environmental Control Administration, which is conducting its own study, says that complaints of rashes and asthmatic reactions received by his office have grown "astronomically" since the announcement of the FTC study. At the Food and Drug Administration, which is also investigating, a spokesman said that complaints have been coming in for 18 months and are increasing.

The big soapmakers—P & G, Colgate and Lever—vigorously deny that there is a health hazard and produce a barrage of statistical evidence. P & G pretested the effects of enzymes on the skin by applying patches smeared with detergent solution to more than 20 random groups of from 60 to 100 volunteers. The patches were applied three times a week for three weeks, and there was not a single case of skin irritation. Executives also say that they have all but eliminated enzyme dust in packaged goods. Just to keep the record clean, however, the soapmakers say that they intend to go right on testing their latest washday miracle.

Enzyme products have also been charged with polluting waterways. Last week a new indictment came from Entertainer Arthur Godfrey, whose avuncular endorsements for Colgate's Axion are a major element in the pre-soak promotion campaign. "They call it an enzyme pre-soak, but that's misleading," said Godfrey, a dedicated conservationist. "They should say that it's an enzymatic detergent."

Most detergents contain phosphates, which are linked to excessive growth of algae in water. These algae can choke off wildlife in streams and lakes. Elliot Herskowitz, a chemist with Eliel Engineering & Research Co., antipollution specialists, says: "The difference between a pre-soak and a detergent is mainly a difference in the concentration of active ingredients. However, both products contain essentially the same ingredients—enzymes, phosphates and surfactant, a cleaning agent."

Godfrey said that he had previously thought that the enzyme pre-soaks, unlike detergents, were not pollutants. He changed his mind after testimony was given at a congressional hearing in December that Axion contained more phosphates—43.7%—than any of 28 randomly selected washing products. Unless Colgate lets him declare that Axion is a water pollutant, Godfrey says that he will not only refuse to make any more commercials for the product but will also speak out against such promotions. Godfrey is producing six hour-long television specials on the environment and does not want to endanger his credibility by selling Axion without qualification. Ironically, the sponsor of the program is Colgate-Palmolive.

* The NAB code restricts a TV station to running no more than 10 minutes and 20 seconds of commercials in one hour of prime evening time, and 16 minutes and 20 seconds an hour at all other times.

Tell someone you like about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter.

She may say
"Didn't we meet in Grenoble?"

Get the conversation off the ground.

Tell her that almost 90% of cigarette smoke is gas. Now say that Lark has the patented Gas-Trap filter. It reduces "tar," nicotine, and certain harsh gases, too.

Then mention that the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported that Lark's Gas-Trap filter reduces certain harsh gases by more than twice as much as any of the thirteen ordinary popular filter brands tested.

So, tell someone you'd like to like about Lark's easy-taste and Gas-Trap filter. It'll be down hill from then on.



At tourist in Russia learns only what the government wants him to know—but when you read about Russia in the LIFE World Library, you learn what *you* want to know. The book touches on the touchy questions...opens the door not only to Anatoly Zverev's closet, but a lot of other surprising doors too.

Here you see the Russia you rarely read about in the headlines. You meet the new breed in the party...the young men for whom Bolshevism is hardly more than a memory. You discover why even the elder statesmen are forced to flirt with capitalist economics to satisfy the people's growing hunger for "bourgeois" commodities. You feel the tug of war between dated doctrines and public sentiment. You understand the motives and the maneuvering behind the "hard" and "soft" lines of Soviet policy.

In a visit to their apartment, you actually experience the day-to-day life of a typical Russian couple. You accompany the "upper class"—party officials, top technicians and state-approved artists—to their Riviera on the Black Sea. You meet the Russian equivalent of hippies. You discover why boredom—not China or the Western powers—is perhaps the greatest threat to Soviet stability.

Russia shows you—as only LIFE's writers and photographers can—the fascinating di-

versity of the world's largest single state...a state created out of more than a score of civilizations, ranging from ancient Greece to Genghis Khan's Mongolia. The fabulous throne rooms of the Kremlin...the bustling bazaars of legendary Samarkand...the wooden streets of a picturesque Siberian town...you see these in splendid color.

You listen to the Russian people speaking, uncensored, for themselves. You read their innermost feelings in their faces, unforgettable captured by LIFE's cameras. You follow, in a clear, concise text, the tangled and turbulent history of Russia...from what it was in the beginning to what it is now, to where it seems to be going.

Russia was written by Charles W. Thayer, a noted author in the field, who served as U.S. Foreign Service officer in Russia for four years. George F. Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, has con-

tributed an introduction. The 35,000-word text is magnificently illustrated, with 63 pictures in color, 82 in black and white. Fully indexed, it is also provided with maps and tables of geographical, historical, economic and political statistics—making it an ideal school supplement for the young people in your family.

Russia is yours to read and enjoy for 10 days free. If it doesn't live up to—or exceed—your expectations, just send it back, and that's that. If you keep it, you pay only \$3.95, plus shipping and handling. You will then receive other volumes in the LIFE World Library for the same free 10-day examination, at the rate of one every other month.

The postpaid order form commits you to nothing more than a free 10-day look at a provocative and important book—so why not fill it out and mail it right now? Or write to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0601, Time and Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Over 1,700,000 families have already enjoyed volumes from the LIFE World Library.

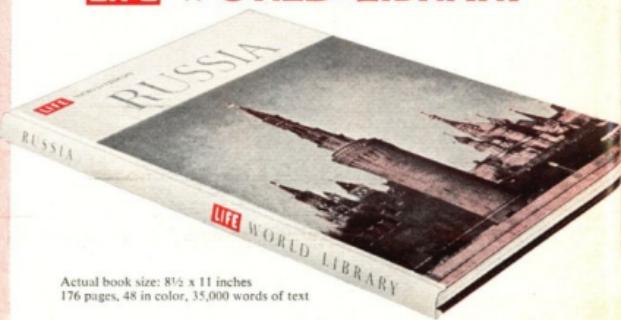
The skeleton in Anatoly Zverev's closet

*The official tour omits this and a lot of other things
you'll find in RUSSIA*

**Yours for 10 days free from the
LIFE WORLD LIBRARY**



Other volumes in the
LIFE WORLD LIBRARY



Actual book size: 8½ x 11 inches
176 pages, 48 in color, 35,000 words of text



Because the state still prefers the arid poster art of "socialist realism," Soviet painter Anatoly Zverev keeps this expressive self-portrait in his closet. While such highly developed individuality in painting and literature is seen by the government as a serious threat to its collectivist doctrines, a growing revolt of the intellectuals is slowly breaking down the barriers of censorship.

Play golf at St. Andrews, see Edinburgh Castle, attend the Festival and shop for Scottish woollens – all in one day of your fortnight in Britain



Start your visit to Scotland in Edinburgh. Come in September and join the Festival. Once a year this ancient capital plays host to the world; the grey stone buildings come ablaze with old controversies and modern art, while on the hill above the town the castle-keep is full once more of skirling bagpipes and the tramp of kilted men.

Hunt the tartan

Walk down the Royal Mile from the 11th-century castle to the 16th-century Palace of Holyroodhouse and on the way shop for a Shetland sweater or hunt for your ancestors' tartan: there are 116 different tartans to choose from.

Where Mary Queen of Scots played golf

Leave Edinburgh one afternoon and cross the Forth Road Bridge and in an hour you'll come to St. Andrews. This is the home of Scotland's oldest university and the world's first golf club; Mary Queen of Scots, the first lady golfer, teed off here in 1584 and today anyone can



play on the famous Old Course, without introduction, for \$1.50 a round.

To the Highlands

From St. Andrews you can strike northwest into the Highlands. Rent a car and drive at your leisure through the watchful hills. Scotland is thick with castles and monuments, ancient battlegrounds and wayside inns.

A fortnight in Scotland for \$350

Start with 4 days in Edinburgh (hotels at \$7.50 a night). Then do a tour of Scottish inns (\$5.60 for bed and breakfast); a fortnight's car hire \$115—and 1,000 miles of gas \$25.

Tours are available in a wide range of prices. 14-day tours start at \$275—cost includes return jet fare from New York, 7 days in Edinburgh, 7 days in the Highlands and car hire with unlimited mileage or 1,000 miles' free rail travel. A 9-day escorted motor-coach tour from London via Stratford-upon-Avon to Edinburgh, Trossachs, the Highlands, Loch Ness, Royal Deeside, with return to London via Cambridge costs \$115 (excluding transatlantic jet). 15-day golf and theater tours with play on nine championship courses, sightseeing and superior hotels cost from \$7.85, including round-trip jet New York/London.

EVERY SUNDAY, a long time ago, the preacher used to sail across St. Andrews Bay to preach. When he left that same evening, his congregation would walk down to the harbor to see him off. Today, the preacher no longer sails, but students still follow the ancient tradition of walking the harbor walls every Sunday evening.

See your travel agent for full information on a variety of tours and for reservations. Also mail the coupon below for our free color booklets.

Mayflower '70:

The Pilgrims sailed in 1620—it's time you came back for a visit after 350 years.

BRITISH TRAVEL,
BOX 4100, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Please print and include zip code.

Please send me—Vacations in Britain 1970
Britain by Car

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

91

BOOKS

Between Eagle and Cod

SEARCHERS AT THE GULF by Franklin Russell. 222 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

Franklin Russell, 43, is a tall, sturdy, New Zealand-born nature writer with the kind of rugged looks that excite casting directors for beer commercials. He has been called the most interesting and accomplished writer in his field since Rachel Carson. (He is, in fact, far more accomplished; *The Sea Around Us* and *The Edge of the Sea* were basically beads of fact strung on a thread of prose that often strained for poetic effect.) Unlike Miss Carson, however, Russell is not a sentry on the ecological DEW line. His books, *Argen the Gull*, *Watchers at the Pond*,

passes ichthyological muster, but its instinctive cunning suggests a primitive form of wisdom, or even free will. Far above this predator of the deep, a white eagle inscribes huge parabolas in a futile search for food and a mate. Russell's details are hard and clear, but the irony is left for the reader to dislodge. The eagle—a cliché for freedom—is incapable of adjusting to an environmental change that has scattered his food supply and chances for procreation.

Set to the rhythm of one year, Russell's gulf is an almost mystical union of womb and grave. Death is "quick, bright, forgettable." Life multiplies with an almost ludicrous optimism. Clouds of plankton feed small fish who in turn are eaten by flounder, mackerel and cod. Big fish chase small fish to the surface, where they are either gobbled from below or grabbed from above by shrieking birds. Shreds of flesh drift to the sea floor to nourish crustaceans.

Though he was once a world traveler, Russell now lives on an old farm in New Jersey's Delaware River Valley with his wife, two boys, a couple of aging Siamese cats, and a pet starling named Bronstein, which, Russell claims, imitates creaking doors, balky auto engines and knows how to say, "It's time to go to the supermarket." There Russell studies and writes about nature, trying to draw from its complexity an eternal truth: that no action in life functions without regard to other life.

Out of the Nursery

DECENT AND INDECENT: OUR PERSONAL AND POLITICAL BEHAVIOR by Benjamin Spock, M.D. 210 pages. McGraw. \$5.95.

"You know more than you think you do," Benjamin Spock reassured mothers at the opening of *Baby and Child Care*. Your baby "can care for himself pretty well." Spock's message, which has sold more than 23 million copies, was a pacifier for parents. But as everyone knows by now, the doctor who shaped the care and feeding of the babies who have become America's most restive generation is troubled about the nation in which they have grown up.

His title proclaims Spock's values: not good v. evil so much as decency v. indecency. Spock is an almost luminously decent man himself. If translated into a television series, he might well be played by Robert Young. Despite his defiant opposition to the war in Viet Nam, the edifice of his thought is a white clapboard New England house where tolerance, patience and kindness prevail. But his middle-class values are rescued from complacency by an articulate and increasingly out-



FRANKLIN RUSSELL
Mystical union.

The *Secret Islands*, are imaginative attempts, rather, to convey to urban readers nature's strict authority and rude justice. When man enters Russell's work, it is usually as an intruder momentarily stripped of civilization and shivering in the face of unexpected atavisms.

The searchers at Franklin Russell's gulf are all animal—birds, fish and exotic organisms blindly following or seeking loopholes in the natural order. Although the geographic coordinates are fictional, the author acknowledges the gulf's resemblance to Canada's Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Either Gulf," he comments, "may yield whatever a searcher chooses to find in it."

Womb and Grave. The remark is cryptic but not gratuitous. For the success of *Searchers* is a fine balance between observed fact and unobtrusive metaphor. The insatiable giant cod who cruises through Russell's pages not only

raged social concern. It is difficult to imagine "Marcus Welby, M.D." standing trial for conspiracy to subvert the nation's draft laws.

Decent and Indecent is a series of essays, not a systematic treatise. Spock apparently could not decide whether he was writing an edification manual for a general audience or an outraged diatribe against the Establishment. In fact, Spock speaks in a bewilderment of voices: part Dear Abby, part pop anthropology, part sex manual, part vintage Spock ("When, during toilet training, he feels cross at his mother, he may withhold the B.M."). At times, though entirely truthful, he is also relentlessly obvious: "Black people con-

stitutionalized offenses—among them: social injustice, pollution, and a war brought on by what Spock calls "paranoid self-deception." His moral objection to that war led Spock to join the anti-war movement. But perhaps because no pediatrician would ever throw out the baby with the bath water, Spock shies away from the violent implications of revolutionary radicalism.

Spock's most useful perception, perhaps, is his understanding that man in the 20th century has indulged in such an orgy of self-depreciation that he grows violent in self-revulsion. There is, mourns Spock, "an unprecedented loss of belief in man's worthiness." Art becomes grotesque, music a concert where the players splinter their instruments in a convulsion that suggests strychnine poisoning. "This represents emotional regression all the way back to the one-to-two-year-old level," Spock writes briskly, "when the child in a spell of anger wants to antagonize and mess and destroy on a titanic scale." What troubles the doctor is that such impulses escape the nursery; fathers and mothers, artists, politicians, scientists and generals—all of them go around breaking things. Medicine cannot cope with civilization as tantrum.

The Third Journalist

TOWARD A RADICAL MIDDLE by Renata Adler. 259 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

The Old Journalism examined the handwriting on the wall. The New Journalism writes on the wall. But there is a Third Journalism whose sole preoccupation is the wall itself—the texture and structure of society. Its practitioners suffer an absence of dazzle, and their egos—like poltergeists—throw no shadow at all. But once a specific event has passed, it is their witness that shows the most significant truths and the fewest signs of age.

Renata Adler is a Third Journalist. "I guess I am part of an age group [she is 32] that, through being skipped, through never having had a generational voice, was forced into the broadest possible America," she writes. "In a way, in culture and in politics, we are the last custodians of language—because of the books we read and because history, in our time, has wrung so many changes on the meaning of terms and we, having never generationally perpetrated anything, have no commitment to any distortion of them."

Luck and Tendencies. Such a passage could be interpreted as an apology for the Silent Generation's chill neutralities. But George Orwell—an other Third Journalist—would have understood that her commitment is a virtuous aversion to political language "designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." Like Orwell, Adler refuses the facile role of advocate or judge. In the trial

of history she is simply a friend of the court. Luck and journalistic instinct informed her of tendencies just before they became movements. She was with Martin Luther King in Selma and Stokely Carmichael in Mississippi. She was in Israel during the Six-Day War, and in Chicago for an initial New Left conference.

Each account in this collection of 14 previously published pieces is fused with a quiet irony, as when she observes that whatever the rhetoric of the black militants, white supremacy has yet to see its first martyr. Her criticism is no less saline. Neither the Grand Existentialist nor his angel manqué can ever be the same after



BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.
Oedipus II.

continue to be identified and barred by their color."

For all his indignation, Spock is engagingly old-fashioned. He is by no means a total permissivist. The closer he gets to home, the more Spock embraces a traditional, family-centered morality that a Nixonian nation would approve. Stubbornly, if apologetically, he condemns the plague of pornography. The battle for some reasonable enlightenment has been won, he says, but "now it is mainly writers, artists and producers with little discernible artistic or social integrity who are leading the assault on standards." Members of Women's Liberation (*Küche, Kinder und Karate*) will pulverize a few more practice bricks when they read Spock's thoughts on the woman's role: "It would be fairer [to women] if they were brought up at home and educated in such a spirit that they would enjoy, feel proud of, and be fascinated by child-rearing rather than frustrated by it."

In his best, most intense passages, the doctor castigates the nation's in-



RENATA ADLER
Gyroscopic balance.

this Adladian analysis: Sartre "allows Genet only the leap of accepting his destiny, of willing what is in fact the case. And to will what is the case is the essence of a staid Conservative position, so that Genet, when Sartre gets through with him, is not a rebel but a bureaucrat, doing the job Fate has assigned him."

Premonitory Power. Educated at the Sorbonne by Claude Lévi-Strauss and armed with an encyclopedic historical knowledge, Renata Adler refuses to allow her writing to slant. The Susan Sontag alongs land at Hanoi or at the movies, seeking a geometry for their preformed conclusions. The Mary McCarthyites seem to go against the grain simply because it is there. Adler maintains a gyroscopic balance—and gets the work done. That work, at its best, has a premonitory power. The best article is last, a report on the National New Politics Convention in Chicago. Gouts of words, pollutions of principle, corosions of politics all characterized the convention, which began in choleric rage and ended with internecine

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and two pills

which he took with a glass of water.

He went to sleep. Woke up, looked at his watch
— it was one o'clock in the morning.

How did I feel?

Desperate. My pills used up. With a window
twenty-one stories above the street.

Then he remembered that a lot of hotels
have a Bible in the dresser drawer. Sure enough
— there was one under the extra blanket.

I read it for three hours, out loud,
pacing back and forth.

Then I was sleepy. Without pills.

For the first time in years without pills.
I slept like a baby
until eight-thirty.

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ever since.

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squeals. Adler records it all, more in sorrow than anger. It was in Chicago that it all began to cohere—the demands for reparations, the open insults to Martin Luther King, the bifurcation of white radicals and black separatists, the totalitarian language. As the conference deteriorated into violent poses and elliptical rhetoric, Adler crystallizes the radical tragedy: "A movement born out of a corruption of the vocabulary of civil rights—pre-empting the terms that belonged to a truly oppressed minority and applying them to the situation of some bored children committed to choosing what intellectual morsels they liked from the buffet of life—now luxuriated in the cool political vocabulary, while the urban civil rights movement, having nearly abandoned its access to the power structure, thrashed about in paroxysms of self-destruction. Both had become so simplistically opposed to order of any kind that society may become simplistic and repressive in dealing with them." And that was in 1967.

The radical middle, according to Adler, is a consciousness of "something infinitely fragile and viable in the System, in its accommodations with radicals, rednecks, soldiers, blacks, thinkers, visionaries, lunatics, the ordinary." Unhappily, *Toward a Radical Middle* ends before the '60s do; there are many events that go without Adler's precise vision and formidable diction. They may be forthcoming. After a stretch as the New York *Times* film critic—a period she justifiably describes as "a year in the dark"—she resigned "to do occasional articles." It is to be hoped that the occasions will occur frequently. There is a vast no man's land between Walter Cronkite and Norman Mailer. Renata Adler is just the right woman to fill it.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1 last week)
2. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2)
3. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
4. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (5)
5. *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (6)
6. *Fire from Heaven*, Renault (4)
7. *The Shivering Sands*, Holt (10)
8. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean (7)
9. *In This House of Brede*, Godden (8)
10. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinniss (1)
2. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (6)
3. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (2)
4. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex*, Reuben (5)
5. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (4)
6. *The Collapse of the Third Republic*, Shirer (7)
7. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (3)
8. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook* (9)
9. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith (8)
10. *In Someone's Shadow*, McKuen

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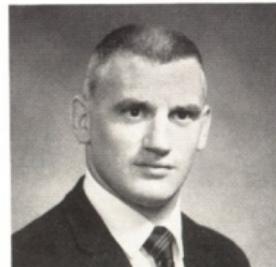
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